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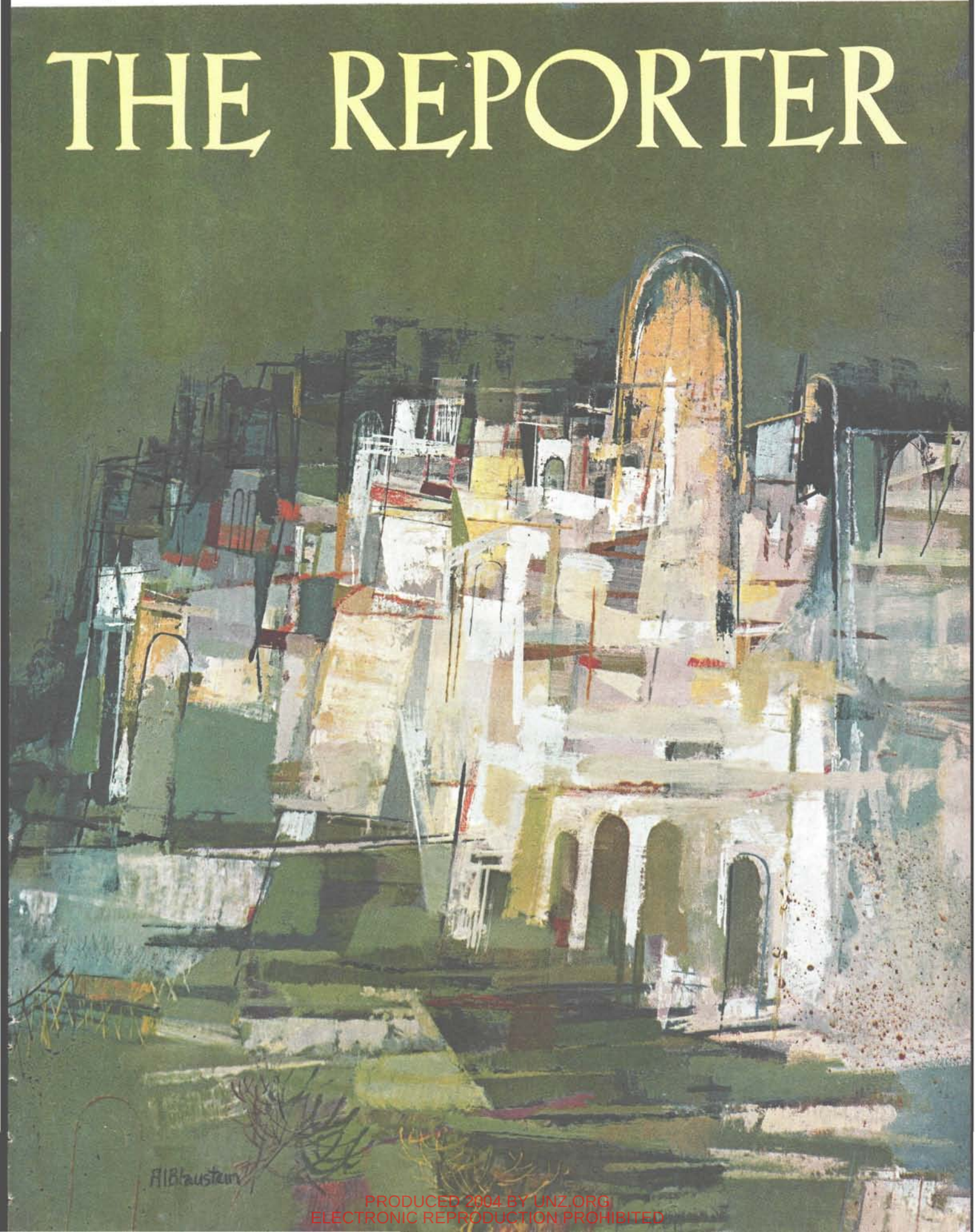

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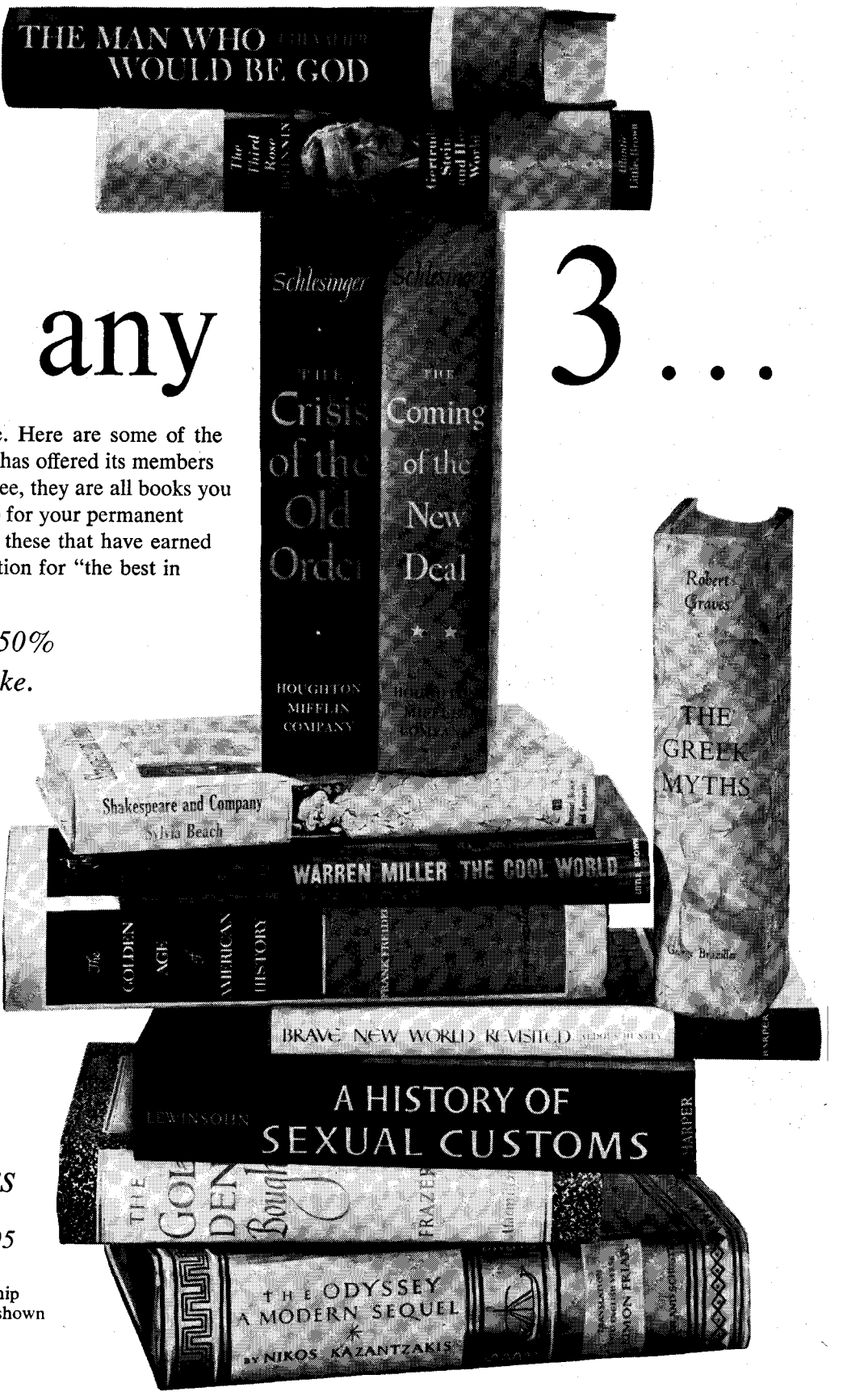

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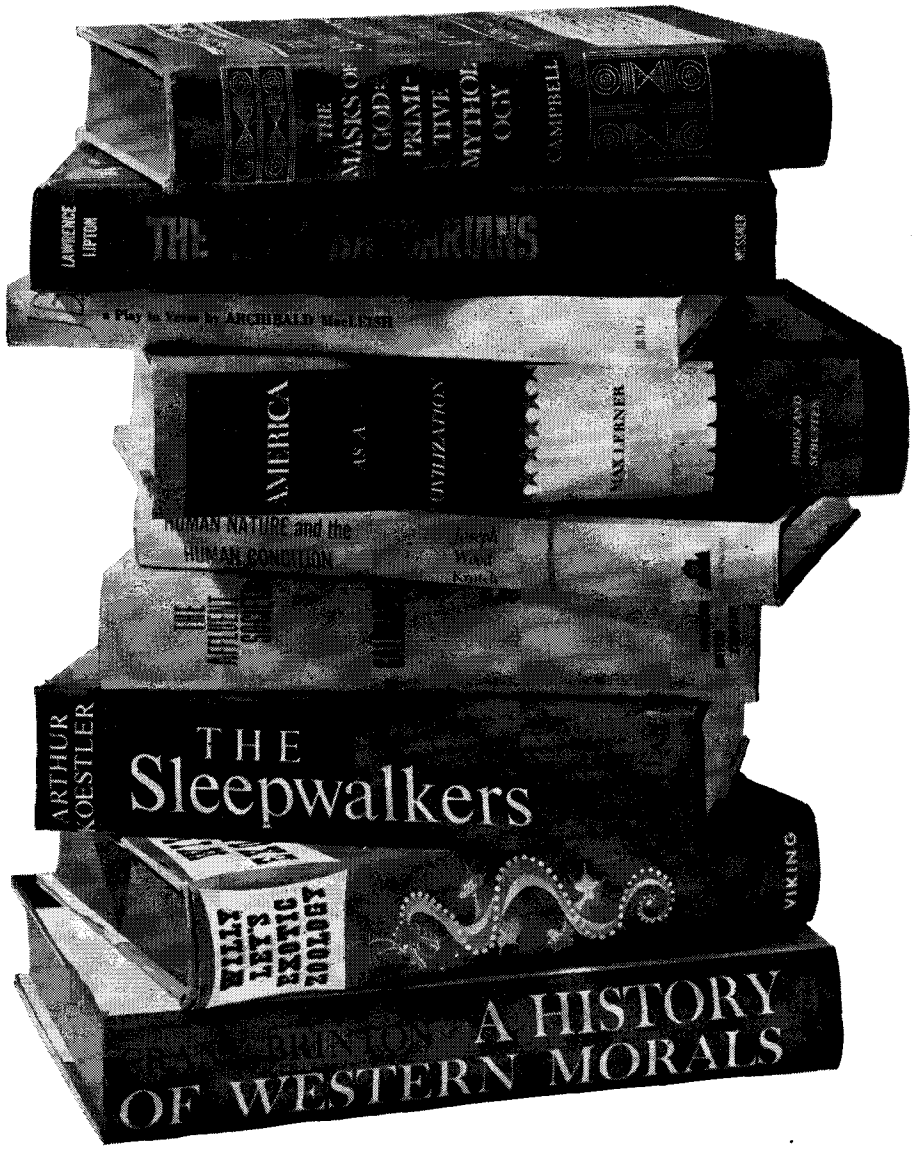

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Salute to the Sixties

Maybe it is due to our impatience with jeremiads and breastbeating, or maybe it is just because we are optimists who ordinarily manage to keep our optimism under control, but anyway we have to say it: we are sanguine about the sixties.

For one thing, the administration that is lamely taking us into the first year of the new decade has left so many issues untouched, so many compelling decisions undecided, as to make inevitable a drastic and thorough evaluation of the difficulties our nation is facing. True, there are still men in high position and anxious to advance to even higher ones who wouldn't mind continuing to push unpleasant facts under the carpet; but the carpet is bulging. In fact, there is already a stirring of ideas in this Presidential campaign—more than in any prenomination season we can remember. The still undeclared candidates are not afraid to air their well-thought-out opinions on the need for adequate defense, for increased national production, for reorganization of metropolitan areas, for a revision of farm policy, and the like. Some of these opinions on rock-bottom issues are refreshingly unconventional. True, candidates have the assistance of such a large number of scholars, ghost thinkers, and ghost writers that the combined intellectual power of their brain trusts can be favorably compared to that of any first-rate university. But it must also be added that in impromptu speeches or in unrehearsed press conferences, these same privileged candidates have given good evidence of being utterly aware and convinced of what they have been saying in their more formal speeches.

Collective thinking has been exceedingly busy grinding out reports on the present state of our economy and of our domestic and foreign policy. An imposing number of experts has been mobilized to do research and then to write and rewrite and re-rewrite the reports. Yet even the fact that before being finally released the reports had to be scrutinized by the eminent citizens who signed them—the whole grueling procedure has not quite succeeded in flattening out some arrestingly sharp formulations of the major dangers the nation faces and of what must be done to overcome them.

All that we have been saying concerns, of course, only two categories of citizens: the politicians and the intellectuals. But if these two do their job, then as to the response of the American people we have no doubt.

Second Coming

"An honest God is the noblest work of man." How damnably clever Robert Ingersoll must have thought himself when he delivered that little quip! He knew all about the anthropomorphic and socio-economic origins of the great superstitions that masquerade as ultimate truth, and he knew full well that to intelligent modern men it was all nonsense. Freethinkers have frequently entertained themselves with such easy iconoclasm. Corliss Lamont once went so far as to write a long, scholarly book to prove that there is no life after death, not even pausing to consider that for most people, believers and nonbelievers alike, the only question would be why he went to all the bother.

The most aggressive freethinkers seem eager to go to even more trouble these days. Somehow in the years since Professor Toynbee began filling his shopping bag with bits and pieces of all the world's religions, a new idea has burst upon a waiting world. If a lot of shepherds and fishermen could create a faith that has proved as hard to destroy as Christianity, the up-to-date freethinkers reason, why can't we hammer together an even better one? So they have solemnly set themselves to accomplishing precisely that "noblest work" which seemed so funny to Ingersoll.

The latest prophet of assembly-line god-making is Sir Julian Huxley. At the Darwin Centennial Celebration in Chicago a month before Christmas, Sir Julian fed the multitudes as best as he could with his visions of the Heavenly City. Beginning just about where Norman Vincent Peale begins, by pointing out that our moral and spiritual

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"Two psychiatrists were denied tax deductions for getting psychoanalyzed. . . . Under the tax law, education expenses are deductible when intended to improve one's skills in an existing job, but not to prepare for a better one."—Wall Street Journal

Can a painter who is painted claim deductions?
Can seducers who're seduced deduct seductions?
Can a writer, written of, write off this writing
As a necessary lesson in backbiting?

Can a preacher who is preached at claim exemption
For thus furthering his practice of redemption?
How infinitely logical, what fun to
Deduct in kind for what one has been done to!

—SEC

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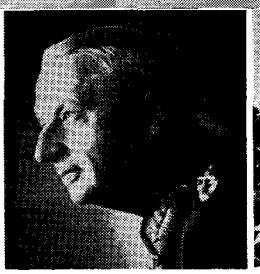
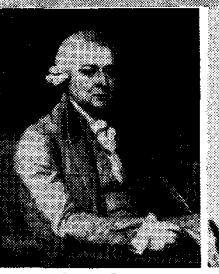
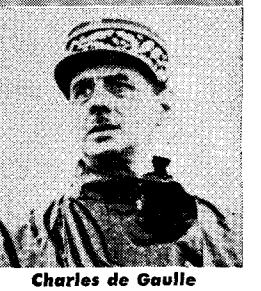
Winston Churchill


Marshal von Manstein

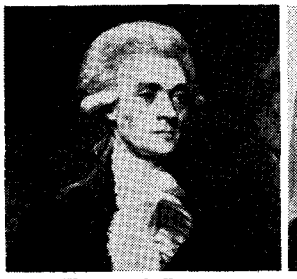
Marshal Montgomery

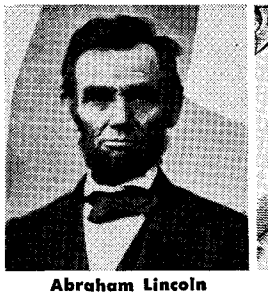

John Adams


Charles de Gaulle

Sir Vivian Fuchs

Admiral Karl Doenitz


Thomas Jefferson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values are in a fine mess, he grudgingly admitted that "Religion of some sort is probably necessary." He spake then to his followers thusly: "The emergent religion of the near future could be a good thing." (There's a rock on which to found a church if we've even seen one!) Arguing that the concept of evolution was admirably suited to serve as the "central germ" of an inspiring "thought organization," he announced, to those who had ears to hear, that the new theology would "define our sense of right and wrong more clearly so as to provide a better moral support and focus the feeling of sacredness on fitter objects." (Set that to music and light a few candles and *nobody* will play golf on Sunday morning!)

To be sure, the new divinity has his work cut out for him. According to Sir Julian, He (or probably It) is not only going to distribute birth-control information and see that Communist China gets into the U.N. but will also do something about "the erosion of the world's cultural variety." (On the seventh day, presumably, It will rest.)

A Set of Curious Chances

Before Hulan E. Jack could get into trouble over the remodeling of his apartment, a series of improbabilities had come to pass.

The first improbability was how Mr. Jack became borough president of Manhattan. In 1953, the Democrats had already narrowed down their choice for that office to two white candidates when they heard that the Republicans intended to steal a march on them by nominating a Negro. At the last moment, the Democratic strategists decided to nominate a Negro themselves, someone whom Tammany Hall could trust, like Mr. Jack.

The second improbability is the way Mr. Jack continued to live. Though he now earned $25,000 a year, he remained in the same apartment in the same old house in which he has resided for eighteen years. The house has been described as "a grimy, six-story tenement building" in which paint is peeling from many walls and stoves are fifteen years old, at least in his neighbor's apartment. Yet Mr. Jack would not even renovate his apartment until his wife had nagged him into it. Early in 1958, work was finally begun on the apartment, and Mr. Jack says he let his friend Sidney J. Ungar foot a $5,500 bill.

It was a loan, the two friends say. Mr. Ungar is one of the city's more enterprising real-estate speculators, whose interests have ranged from operating slums to attempting to sponsor a $28-million slum-clearance project. Such projects have to be approved, of course, by the city's Board of Estimate, of which Mr. Jack is a member.

The third improbability was the repercussion in Harlem politics. For years, Mr. Jack has been the favorite target of abuse of the more militant and aggressive Negro politicians, who have called him "the chief Uncle Tom on the Tammany plantation." But no sooner did Mr. Jack get into trouble than his bitterest enemies, including Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, rallied to defend his good name. A statement by a group of Harlem community leaders portrayed Mr. Jack as a victim of "bigots and phony liberals." In his adversity, Mr. Jack has the satisfaction of knowing that his public image has suddenly changed in Harlem from an Uncle Tom to a Negro martyr.

Meanwhile, New Yorkers of all creeds and colors have undoubtedly reacted to the Hulan Jack case with mixed feelings. There are those who think that he was wrong to accept such favors, and those who think that he was unbelievably modest about his unofficial rewards for public office compared to the standards set by numerous white politicians. Many are sorry that it had to happen to the holder of the highest administrative elective office achieved by a Negro in the United States, but if racial equality means anything, it seems to us that a Negro officeholder should be treated the same way as, for instance, the former assistant to the President of the United States.

These Things Were Said

¶ The chief problem of the low-income farmers is poverty.—*Governor Nelson Rockefeller, in Minneapolis.*

¶ Senator Alexander Wiley (Rep.), Wisconsin, advised Vice President Richard M. Nixon yesterday to learn to "laugh from the belly" to improve his chances of becoming President. . . . "Folks like a man who can 'laugh from the belly,' " said Wiley.—*United Press International report.*

¶ HAVANA, Dec. 17 (UPI)—The army announced today that death sentences would not be carried out during the Christmas season.—*The New York Times.*

¶ First, Flemming bombs the cranberry industry with a hysterical pre-Thanksgiving shriek about a weed killer used by some Northwest cranberry growers. Then, he salutes the Christmas season with a yelp about chickens fattened with stilbestrol, which Flemming thinks (though he doesn't know and can't prove) may cause cancer. Now he has come to mumbling that some beef may be dangerous because of stilbestrol—though again he doesn't know. We wish Flemming would either confine his alarms to things he does know or quit his Cabinet job. As of now, he is making a dangerous nuisance of himself.—*The New York Daily News.*

¶ A former Nazi news commentator, who renounced his U.S. citizenship to work for Hitler's Germany, today defends his right to remain as an associate professor at Long Island University's C. W. Post College in Brookville, L. I. . . . Before today's faculty meeting, [Dean R. Gordon] Hoxie said that "the issue of academic freedom is involved in Dr. Sittler's case." In an earlier interview, however, the dean admitted he had terminated the employment of a professor there whose name had appeared on the Attorney General's list of pro-Communist organizations. "In my opinion, these cases were completely different," he said. "Dr. Sittler is not on a subversive list. . . ." —*Report in the New York Post.*

¶ A return to half-hour situation programming in television next year, with emphasis on "warmth and believability" was forecast yesterday by a leading agency executive.—*The New York Times.*

¶ . . . *Cosmopolitan's* theme is "Family Love," and includes "Christmas at the Nixons" and "How to Have a Perfect Baby" and "The Alcoholic Marriage" and. And enough.—*From "The Magazine Rack" in the Washington Post and Times Herald.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE VAN DOREN CASE

To the Editor: Finally! Finally and with "judgment and sympathy," the "tribute to whom tribute is due" coin has been turned. Lawrence Hall in "Eyeless in Wonderland" (*The Reporter*, December 10) has placed the sordidness of which Charles Van Doren is a single expression, in a proper perspective.

As I heard and read the laudatory comments concerning that deceived intellectual and about his "confession," I could not help but feel pity for those who like the four congressmen, were totally deceived by one who has made an art, a profession, of deceit.

Our plight is not that men such as Van Doren should deceive; history has recorded many such. The real tragedy is that our culture cannot, or at least will not, see deceit for what it is. Hall has aptly pointed this out.

I should like to have been a member of that chapel audience Hall addressed, on the day a clear light was focused on the dark, deceitful incident perpetrated upon the people. I should rather that America learn from this total experience the lesson that Hall has suggested in his article.

James T. Sykes
Ames, Iowa

To the Editor: I have read with much interest Mr. Hall's article on Charles Van Doren. It is extremely perceptive and, I am sure, will evoke widespread comment.

Grayson Kirk, President
Columbia University
New York

To the Editor: I spent a sleepless night contemplating the plight of Charles Van Doren. His story reads like that of a Greek tragedian convicted of an alleged moral crime. The American public seems to have condemned this fallen idol because he betrayed their faith in him. How self-righteous and intolerant can we become? I believe it was not so much the betrayal of trust but rather a case of wounded pride that outraged our worthy citizens. And yet how many of us can positively attest to our moral certitude in the identical situation? Even if Mr. Van Doren's prime motive was improving his financial status, isn't money "what makes the world go round" these days? Aren't today's gods those of considerable fortune from whence cometh their fame and glory?

Joyce W. Blackman
Brookline, Massachusetts

To the Editor: Lawrence Hall's incisive analysis should be required reading for the many who either judged the morality of Van Doren's TV episodes with maudlin sentimentality or else depicted

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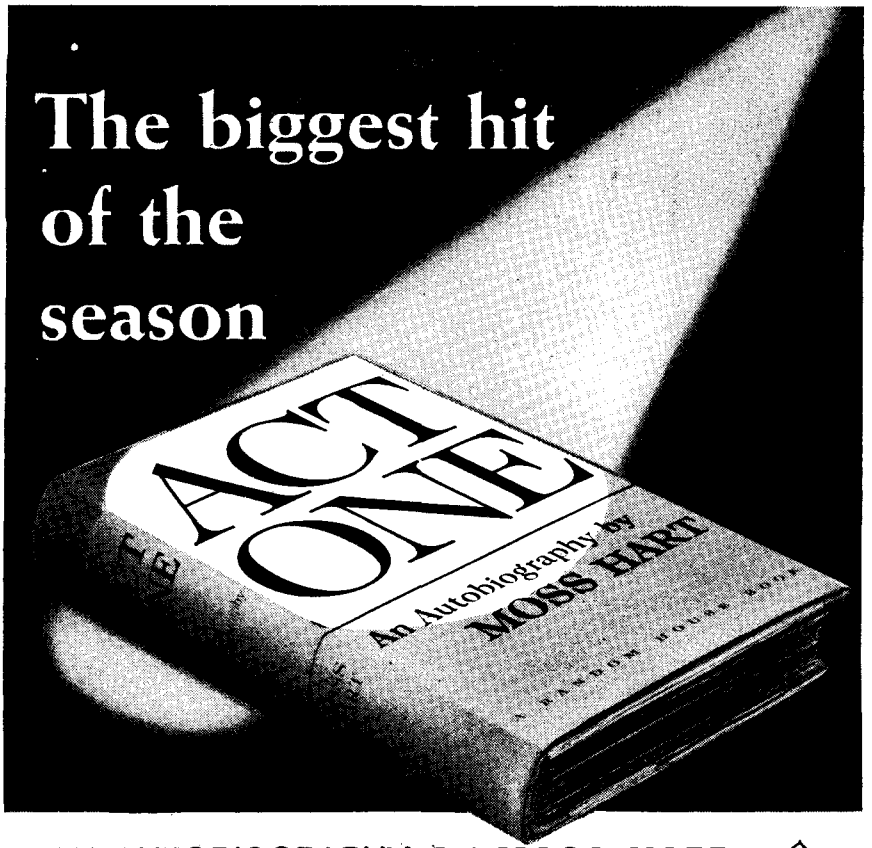

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THE OTHER CHEEK

To the Editor: After reading Marshall Windmiller's and Gene Marine's letters to the editor in your December 10 issue, I hasten to assure you that many members of California's new Democratic clubs enjoyed Seyom Brown's article ("Fun Can Be Politics," *The Reporter*, November 12) and appreciated the humor. Truly we have a sense of humor. Besides, Windmiller and Marine missed the obvious. When the California Democratic Council is eligible for a national spoof, obviously we've made it—we're in the big time!

BERNICE KROAK
San Francisco

BELLES-LETTRES

To the Editor: It is difficult to defend oneself against Herbert Mitgang's almost inarticulate broadside ("The Great Book Holdup," *The Reporter*, November 12), and of course, I can only speak for myself and the "Today" show, having no relation to the other shows mentioned.

It is peculiar to me that after having been named as one of the "four most important literary arbiters," nothing more is mentioned about any specific books which we may have reviewed. Mitgang simply makes a statement that entertainment and entertainer books predominate—there is an absence of the major biographies, the major novels, the important works. May I run through a list of books we have recently reviewed, to see how this charge bears up?

Rivers in the Desert, by Dr. Nelson Glueck
Strategy in the Missile Age, by Dr. Bernard Brodie
An Anthropologist at Work, by Drs. Ruth F. Benedict and Margaret Mead
Ideology of Space, by Arthur Clark
Crossing of Antarctica, by Sir Vivian Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary
Central Intelligence and National Security, by Harry Howe Ransom
Gold of Troy, by Robert Payne
Outer Mongolia, by Jorgan Bisch
A Good Time to be Alive, by Edgar A. Mowrer
Friends and Enemies, by Adlai Stevenson
Trumbull Park, by Frank L. Brown
Delinquent Behavior, Culture and the Individual, by William C. Cuaraceus
What's Wrong with U.S. Foreign Policy, by C. L. Sulzberger
Days with Albert Schweitzer, by Dr. Frederick Franck
Richard Nixon, by Earl Mazo
Men and Atoms, by William Laurence
The Anatomy of Freedom, by Judge Harold R. Medina
Affectionately FDR, by James Roosevelt
Verses from 1929 On, by Ogden Nash

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Hidden America, by Roland Wells Robbins and Evan Jones
Living Japan, by Donald Keene

And others by such notable people as Marcel Pagnol, Irwin Shaw, Mark Van Doren, Jules Feiffer and J. B. Priestley to mention only a few.

Is this list, as Mr. Mitgang describes it, one that caters to subliterary tastes? Are these works that have no place in the public's reading list? Should information about them be barred from dissemination by the new communication medium of TV? Should information about books come only from, as Mr. Mitgang so plainly states, "the bookstores, book supplements and other channels where people are supposed to be inspired to buy books"? Mr. Mitgang says book lovers find "something rotten about the plug, the cross-plug, the self-plug and the instant plug." The plug is a review of one of the above books. I do not find it essentially rotten. Cross-plugs, self-plugs, and instant plugs I have never used, and I resent this blanket indictment of all TV people, which includes me, as one who insists on a reformed bigamist, a five-string banjo player, or a trampolinist.

Good God knows that books are vital to a healthy culture and we have sincerely tried to encourage readership of books of the kind exemplified in the above list. If this is evil, I plead guilty. Does Mr. Mitgang really think so? Does Mr. Mitgang really think this is evil, an evil practice? Or is there some other motive behind his attack?

DAVE GARROWAY
New York

To the Editor: I am afraid Shirley Jackson ("The Lost Kingdom of Oz," *The Reporter,* December 10) is suffering from the common delusion that the *neiges d'antan* are always whiter. In the provinces our stores abound with the old magic. The Oz books, and the Babar volumes too, are best-sellers right now in our downtown bookstores and in six neighborhood toy emporiums I have just surveyed. . . . When Miss Jackson and I were kids our indulgent elders kept our education and uplift in mind too—with sticky treatises on manners (remember the Goops?) and tolerant tales of life in other lands (there were Dutch Twins, Italian Twins, and Chinese Twins *ad nauseam*). Has Miss Jackson forgotten, too, the more nasty fiction of our yesteryears—the Bobbsey Twins, and Bunny Brown and His Sister Sue? *Tempus,* thank goodness, *fugit.*

There were many bad books in our childhood, and there are bad ones today. The bad ones got bought by tasteless aunts, and do now. But good writers are still writing good books for children; the best of a generation ago, and the best of today, will always sell. Not even Mr. Disney can put them out of business.

DAVID PERLMAN
San Francisco

FLYING SAUCERS
A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Skies
by C. G. Jung

The renowned psychiatrist examines the tendency of people the world over to believe in flying saucers, and analyzes the appearance of such objects in visions, dreams, art, and literature. The result is a fascinating psychological analysis of modern man's anxieties and myths. "The book is provocative and even entertaining." —LESLIE HANSCOM, New York World-Telegram & Sun

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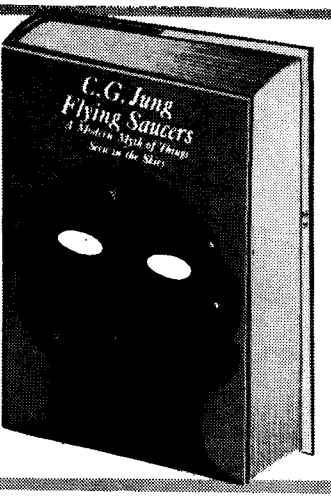

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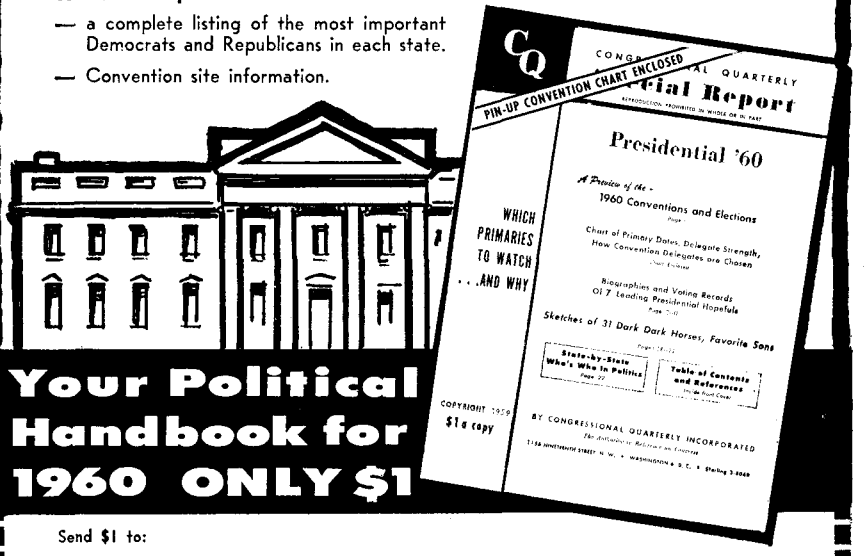

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By A. J. MEYER

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

As the new year opens, it is perhaps fitting that a major portion of this issue should be devoted to the prospects and paradoxes of national and international growth. Soviet development, European recovery, the worldwide increase of population, and our own unprecedented productivity are aspects of the growth which have produced the most characteristic pleasures and pains of our age. The lesson seems to be that the genie of growth will give us, not fewer problems, but different ones. Even the summit meeting seems to have grown into a more or less regular series of diplomatic encounters; but, as **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial, the realization that peace cannot be established in one spectacular showdown may be an important contribution to the cause of peace, for it is likely to diminish the advantage the Communists have been gaining lately.

Our European correspondent, **Edmond Taylor,** notes that the rate of growth of the six countries of Western Europe now bound together in a "Common Market" exceeds that of the United States or Britain and compares favorably with Soviet claims. And, as he examines the relationship of these six and the newly formed "Outer Seven," he points out that "Little Europe" is expanding in many ways.

Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev would also like to see a vast expansion of Soviet-American trade, but this appears to be more problematic in the view of **Howard S. Piquet,** senior specialist in international economics, and **Leon M. Herman,** analyst in Soviet economics, both in the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress.

Our Mediterranean correspondent, **Claire Sterling,** tells of the prodigious preparations being made to lure customers to this year's Olympic Games in Rome, and the trepidation of the Romans that there may be all too many of them. . . . We meet paradox again in the oil boom that has gushed up in the western province of Alberta, Canada. Why Canada is having trouble using Canada's own oil is explained by **William H. Hessler** of the staff of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. . . . And, according to **Seyom Brown,** author of *Politics and Government in California,* published by Thomas Y. Crowell last spring, so much of the amazing increase of population and industry in Southern California rests on arms production that a great fear hangs over the busy landscape.

We have allotted an unusual amount of space to the two-part *Reporter* Essay by **Robert L. Heilbroner** because we feel that it is a stimulating and provocative effort to explore the deeper implications of economic growth in the United States and abroad. This essay is based on Mr. Heilbroner's forthcoming book, *The Future as History,* to be published by Harper on February 29. Mr. Heilbroner is also the author of *The Worldly Philosophers,* a standard introduction to economic thought.

When we were kids the newspaper reporter seemed almost as glamorous as an airplane pilot. He was a carefree, cynical guy with his hat pushed back on his head and a cigarette perpetually hanging out of his mouth as he banged away on a magnificently tintinnabulating typewriter, defending the innocent and putting evil to rout like a knight of old. But how the visions of yore have altered! Airplane pilots are middle-aged men scowling over massive instrument panels and people go to graduate schools to learn how to become journalists. In tackling the emotionally charged question of how much these schools can actually teach the aspiring cubs of our time, **Alfred Friendly,** managing editor of the Washington *Post and Times Herald,* offers a number of valuable insights into the problems of an ancient and honorable craft in the age of specialization. . . . **Gore Vidal's** play *The Best Man* is scheduled to open on Broadway in a few weeks. . . . **George Steiner** is the author of *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* (Knopf). . . . **Jay Jacobs,** our regular movie critic, also contributes drawings to the magazine. . . . **Nat Hentoff** is a contributing editor of *HiFi Review*. . . . **F. W. Dupee,** who has written and edited several books about Henry James, is a professor of English at Columbia University. . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith,** author of *The Affluent Society,* teaches economics at Harvard. . . . **Max Beloff** is Gladstone Professor of Government and Public Administration at Oxford. . . . **Herbert Gold** recently edited *Fiction of the Fifties* (Doubleday). . . . **Alastair Buchan's** book *The Spare Chancellor: The Life of Walter Bagehot* has recently been published in England by Chatto & Windus.

Our cover, an impression of an Italian hill town, is by **Al Blaustein.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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MAX ASCOLI

The Permanent Floating Summit

EXPECTATIONS or fears about the coming meeting of the heads of government can now be laid to rest. There has been no stampede to the East-West summit and there is not much danger of a disastrous breakup there, since the meeting in Paris will be followed by more meetings in the three other capitals. It is not likely that East and West will run out of disagreements, and this will keep the heads of government traveling the four-capital circuit for a number of years to come.

High-level tourism at a leisurely pace becomes a ritual of international life. Both the establishment of the ritual and the slowdown of its recurrent celebration are an auspicious beginning of the year. For different reasons, the four great men must have reached the conclusion that there was a frightening risk of disaster in do-or-die negotiations.

The very causes that make the prospect of war unthinkable reduce the process of peacemaking to a largely symbolic affair. But it cannot possibly be interrupted; the major powers cannot possibly help being scared of the means of absolute destruction they are incessantly perfecting and piling up.

Yet it must be admitted that the very existence of nuclear weapons has weakened the democracies and has played into the Communists' hands, for these absolute weapons have given some plausibility to the notion that something like absolute peace can be brought into this world, complete with a system of universal law and a world army. The Communists have no difficulty in providing at any time elaborate timetables and detailed blueprints for *their* absolute peace.

It was Litvinov who, in the old days of the League of Nations, said that peace is indivisible. This is of course a lie; throughout history men have enjoyed or suffered only fragments of peace that they have painfully conquered or that have been imposed on them by superior power. Soviet Russia, better perhaps than any other country, has practiced the art of doling out peace to its neighbors and to its own people. But this has never made the leaders of Soviet Russia embarrassed in launching all over the world their drives for peace—total peace, to be ultimately enjoyed in their own withered-away world government.

LATELY Khrushchev has drawn increasing benefits from his own—and our—possession of weapons whose use can only be threatened. His mounting strength has provided him with additional substitutes for ultimate force. He can offer all men the prospect of total peace if only his scheme for absolute and complete disarmament is accepted. The techniques for economic subversion have further enriched his arsenal of substitutes for force.

On none of these points can we imitate the Russians. Totalitarian Communism is powered by the slavery of its people, kept disciplined and busy by alternate rations of the carrot and the stick. Free countries are inevitably bound to be more wasteful of their resources and less adept at lying. Their strength can come only from inner discipline, and from their generosity in helping less privileged nations. Try as they may, they are not good at concocting and selling phony absolutes.

What is there now that has made Khrushchev—the most relentless advocate of his peace to be attained by frightening the West to the summit—what is there that apparently has persuaded him to proceed at a calmer speed, and to accept the grand tour of the summits for an indefinite period of time?

Perhaps he has come to realize that he has been pushing much too hard. He can ask for general and complete disarmament; but can he really afford a sizable measure of reciprocally controlled disarmament without relaxing the tension he needs to keep his peoples under his rule? No one can beat him at clamoring for ever closer relations of friendship and trade among peoples of all countries. But can he afford even a modest degree of civilized, normal relationship between the peoples under Communist quarantine and those who are contagiously free?

The slowdown and the routinization of high-level meetings with the Communists blunt the impact of their substitutes for force. Both sides remain tied to a status quo that for a number of years they can neither acknowledge nor change. Of course, this is not peace. But as long as Communists remain what they are, we cannot have peace with them and we must not have war. We and they can try to gain a better measure of each other, at the periphery first, then closer and closer to the core until something on one side or on the other mellows—or snaps.

AS LONG AS this lasts, the major heads of government keep going from summit to summit, from capital to capital, with quite a few other nations and capitals not of summit rank included in the circuit. This is just what our President has done, and considering what he was aiming at, he has done it well.

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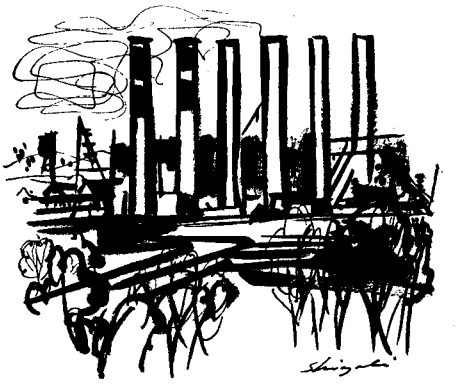
'Little Europe' Gets Bigger and Bigger



EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

FROM PARIS to the Ruhr takes about three hours via Sabena helicopter. The relatively slow-moving, earthbound flight, only a little higher than the smokestacks of Northwest Europe's blast furnaces or the pigeons wheeling around the spires of its cathedrals, gives the traveler an intimate backyard view of the fledgling European Economic Community (France, West Germany, the three Benelux nations, and Italy), whose Common Market is now exactly one year old. This homely perspective, which takes in the family wash along with the broader sweeps, is sometimes curiously rewarding.

Looking down on the grimy flatlands, dense with place names that recall remote splendors and all too recent nightmares, one can visualize more clearly than elsewhere the incredibly swift progress of modern Europe's most lucid vision, as well as the vast problems that still confront it. Both are apparent in the jumbled panorama of foundries, collieries, chemical works, power plants, freight yards, anachronistically rural villages merging into suburbs, and overblown cities exploding into the surrounding countryside with shiny factories and raw new housing developments. The whole north European plain seems to be growing into a single megalopolis from Paris to Dortmund and Rotterdam, pushing up the valley of the Rhine and into the Ardennes, a huge salient bulging across Picardy toward Le Havre.

Europe, at least one kind of Europe, is rapidly taking shape, not by conscious integration but by blind agglutination.

In the process, titanic—and perhaps equally blind—economic energies are being released. They erupt around the air traveler in plumes and billows of black, silvery, saffron, or rust-colored smoke, while prosperity seems to ooze from the land in blobs of detergent scum floating down the streams like globules of butterfat. In the gray light seeping from behind some frosted panel in the wintry sky, the whole landscape suggests the vigor and the gluttony of a Breughel banquet scene.

SUBJECTIVE IMPRESSIONS are not evidence, of course, but this one serves a useful purpose. It puts the stress on the dynamic, sometimes unbridled growth and increasingly fusionist trend of the Western European economy since the six nations of the present Common Market, with American help and encouragement, took the first step toward economic integration by setting up the European Coal and Steel Community in 1950. With the help of the Marshall Plan, the decade which has just closed has been a highly prosperous one for all non-Communist Europe. Thanks to a prodigious industrial thrust, however, the six countries of "Little Europe" linked by three supranational institutions—the Coal and Steel Community, Euratom, and the Common Market—have moved ahead much faster than any other non-Communist area in terms of productivity and rising living standards. During the last year, at least, they have also made unexpectedly rapid progress, if not toward the One Europe that the idealists dream about, at any rate toward an effective economic community on the Continent. Throughout the whole Common Market area there is now evident an unmistakable quickening of the Little European tempo, promising both new hopes and new headaches for the West as its impact is felt. The immediate impact of the first year's ten per cent cut in tariffs and the modest reduction in quotas has been slight, but the psychological effect has been tremendous.

"I would not have believed that the Common Market could make so much headway in a single year," a hardheaded German businessman remarked to me in tones of slightly worried admiration. "It's really amazing how an idea picks up momentum, once you set it going."

The expansionist trend of the Little European economy, spurred by the prospect of the Common Market—which European industrialists have taken into account in their planning since the signing of the Treaty of Rome in 1956—is easily established by a few statistical comparisons. On the OEEC index of industrial production, starting with a base of 100 in 1952, the general average for that organization's seventeen European members in June, 1959, was 141. For the Common Market Six the average was 153, implying an annual increase over the last eight years of close to seven per cent. According to another index of production in a wide range of key industries prepared by the Executive Commission of the Common Market in Brussels, its members almost exactly doubled their annual industrial output between 1950 and the end of 1959, while steadily shortening working hours and raising wages—a record not easily matched. Last year's mild recession slowed down but did not halt European expansion, and the experts predict an increase of at least six per cent for industrial production in 1960.

While Little Europe, with a population roughly comparable to that of the United States (about 166,000,000), has a long way to go before it catches up with our living standards

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or total economic power, its rate of growth continues to be noticeably faster than ours. It is also greater than the British rate and in a number of sectors it compares favorably with the vaunted dynamism of the Soviet economy. From 1952 to 1958, production of crude steel in the Six rose more than did that of the Soviet Union.

"We have demonstrated that where it counts we can progress as rapidly as the Soviets, if not more rapidly," one of the experts of the Brussels Commission said to me.

Perhaps he was boasting a little, but the progress already achieved by the Common Market Six has forced Eugene Varga and other Soviet economists to reconsider their former diagnosis—implicitly accepted by some western liberals as late as 1955—of capitalist Europe as an incurable economic invalid kept alive only by shots of American aid.

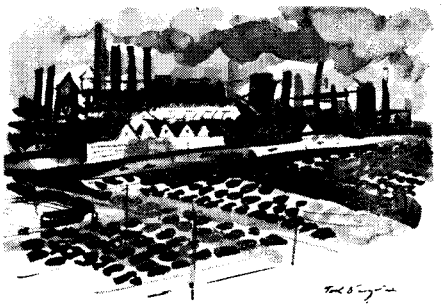
"If life is characterized by the ability to adjust to new situations," the French publicist Raymond Aron commented in a recent article, "then Europe, instead of looking like a sick man, seems young and vigorous."

At Sixes and Sevens

This rejuvenated Europe—in reality the emergent Western European economic power—can add new strength to the West in its competition with the Communist world. But it also presents certain problems for the western alliance.

The most critical area, of course, is that of the Continental Six's external relations, particularly with Britain and the "Outer Seven" of the European Free Trade Area. (The Seven are now, ironically, setting up their headquarters in Paris.) The question has been simmering for more than a year, and two recent developments have brought it to a boil: the signing of the Stockholm treaty by the Seven, and the recent proposal of the French government—endorsed in advance by the hitherto strongly protectionist French "Patronat"—that the minimum period for putting the Continental Common Market into effect by stages be cut from twelve years, as laid down in the Treaty of Rome, to six. Nothing could illustrate more strikingly the progress of the Common Market idea in the last year, but acceptance of the proposal by France's partners, who have mixed feelings about it, would bring one unfortunate side effect: While France would have to lower its present high duties on imports from Britain and other countries outside the Common Market, under the Market's rules the low-tariff countries —Germany and the Benelux countries—would have to raise theirs, producing a major upheaval in existing patterns of European trade and possibly touching off a fatal protectionist chain reaction outside the Market. The obvious way out of the difficulty is for everybody to lower tariff barriers at once in the framework of some grouping that includes both the Six and the Seven. This pious doctrine appears to have almost unanimous acceptance among responsible political and business leaders in both blocs. There is also widespread verbal agreement that some kind of bridge must be established between the Six and the Seven, and that in avoiding discrimination against each other's trade they must never combine in any way to discriminate against the United States.

Following the exploratory visit to Europe of Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon early last month, the western Big Four arranged at their Paris meeting for the establishment of a committee to be made up of about ten nations representing both the Six and the Seven as well as Canada and the United States.



Essentially this would seem to be an attempt to bridge the gap with a less unwieldy device than the eighteen-member OEEC, in which the United States and Canada participate as mere observers. This new committee may be able to prevent some feuding between the Sixes and the Sevens, but if the Eisenhower administration had sent Mr. Dillon to Europe a year ago and adopted the present formula before the Outer Seven set themselves up as a formal group, the outlook would be brighter than it is for preserving western unity in the economic field.

JUDGING FROM my own talks with European politicians, diplomats, businessmen, and officials of the supranational communities, the tension between the Six and the Seven will be hard to dispel because it stems, at least on the Continental side, from political and emotional sources, rather than from purely economic ones. How emotional the issue is was brought home to me recently by a European friend who works for one of the six-nation organizations, while a close member of his family is active in the affairs of the Seven.

"We just never talk about the problem at home any more," my friend said. "It gets to sound too much like those family arguments you used to hear in France of Pétain vs. de Gaulle."

Unquestionably some of the strain between the Six and the Seven reflects a kind of nascent Little European nationalism apparent not only among the supranational idealists of the various new institutions but also among politicians and a few businessmen who have been active in the European movement. Without at least a trace of this feeling, the trend toward the ultimate goal of complete political and economic unification in Western Europe could never hope to prevail over the strong resistances that still oppose it. Whenever the Little Europeans' enthusiasm for their cause tends toward fanaticism, however, it inevitably generates a countercurrent inspired by curiously mingled liberal, national, and merely selfish interests. The sometimes excessive Continental impatience with British "obstructionism," for example, often serves to provoke a heated reaction from the sizable minority of Continentals whose commercial or ideological ties, or both, with Britain are particularly strong. I found this reaction—which the British are not going out of their way to discourage—unexpectedly strong in West Germany. In the Ruhr it seems to me so intense as to constitute a potential threat to

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Chancellor Adenauer's goal of a united Western Europe based on Franco-German partnership. The doubts of the Ruhr coal and steel barons and of their various industrial vassals in regard to the six-nation pattern of European integration are powerfully reinforced by atavistic suspicions of French hegemony and a lively sense of the German economic mission, particularly in the undeveloped areas of the world.

"All this talk about *grandeur* strikes us as a bit old-fashioned," a young German diplomat told me.

"We don't think of de Gaulle as a dictator," said a Ruhr magnate, voicing a widespread attitude in German industrial circles, "but it is disturbing that he doesn't seem to recognize the limitations of French power."

German Coal and French Oil

An additional complication in both the external and the internal relations of the six nations is the new struggle for industrial supremacy in the Europe of tomorrow between German coal and French oil and natural gas from the Sahara. Some enthusiasts for the European idea see the network of new pipelines that is already reaching from the Mediterranean to southern Germany and the Rhine as the strongest tie binding the Six together.

The still slightly futuristic dream—which the famous French undersea explorer Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau claims is entirely practical—of a pipeline under the Mediterranean bringing the gas from the Hassi R'mel fields in Algeria to Sicily and up the Italian peninsula and the valley of the Rhone to Germany would have an especially revolutionary impact.

"The need of the French to sell Sahara oil will make them ready to swallow more and more supranationality," predicted Fernand Deshousses, veteran Belgian Socialist leader and a prominent figure in the European movement, during a recent talk in the delegates' bar of the European Assembly building in Strasbourg. "Europe is on the move and can't be stopped."

A considerably less optimistic atmosphere is apparent in the Ruhr, where coal mines are closing down because of the chronic West European coal glut, due in part to the growing competition of oil. In the midst of a general European boom, there is virtually no unemployment in Germany—there is some in the Belgian coal fields, however—and none of the German coal-industry executives I talked to looked like hardship cases. Nonetheless they were far from happy about the situation.

"Fighting Communism in Africa and the Middle East won't strengthen the West if we let it take root in the Ruhr," said Dr. T. Kaiser, general manager of the powerful German Mineowners' Association, which occupies a huge, grimy brick structure in the heart of Essen. "Even the best German coal mines," he continued, "cannot compete with oil dumping prices. Don't forget that coal stocks in Germany are now larger than they were in 1932."

Not to end on a note of gloom, Dr. Kaiser expressed the somewhat pallid hope that Adenauer and de Gaulle would eventually work out some "reasonable and intelligent" arrangement for disposing of surplus French oil within the framework of an integrated European energy policy. (As an old Parisian, I am always a little awed at being reminded that there is soon going to be a French oil surplus to worry about.)

WHEN I DROVE across Essen, where glass-and-stainless-steel skyscrapers—aluminum, like oil, is not overly popular in these parts—are shooting up at a mid-Manhattan tempo despite the coal crisis, I discovered a complication within a complication.

"It's all terribly complex," explained a friendly official of the Gelsenkirchener Coal Corporation (GEBAG), a giant chain of diversified activities mostly based on coal which is itself closely linked with the even more gigantic Thyssen steel interests and has as chairman of its board Dr. Hans Guenther Sohl, Thyssen's dynamic young president. "You see, we happen to own the second largest refinery in the Federal Republic, and we have long been linked with your Mobil Oil and the Aral string of service stations. When things started looking difficult for the coal industry, we acquired a twenty-five per cent interest in the new Mobil Oil prospecting concession in Libya. Now we hear they have made a big strike, so I guess we'll soon be handling our own oil in our own refinery. Some of our coal colleagues here in the Ruhr don't quite approve." The GEBAG man may have been speaking prematurely. Mobil Oil is reported to be having some difficulties in Libya with that sturdy trans-Alpine idealist Enrico Mattei, who incidentally is constructing a pipeline for his own oil from Genoa to Munich.

Blunt Talk in Düsseldorf

Though I returned from Germany confident that there would always be a Ruhr, my talks might have left me in some doubt whether there was ever going to be a Europe if it had not been for a long, frank con-

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versation in Düsseldorf with a German steel executive, who in his spare moments is an active member of an informal but highly influential group of leading Ruhr industrialists that is partly a foreign-affairs study group, partly—though its members don't quite admit it—a political co-ordinating committee. Düsseldorf is a lively, cultured city with spacious parks and boulevards and unobtrusively prosperous-looking modern façades that hardly corresponds to one's stereotype of the grimy Ruhr. (It is only the gateway to the Ruhr proper.) My host, a distinguished silver-haired gentleman in British-tailored clothes, looked even less like the traditional steel baron, and his office was like a tastefully furnished den. What he had to say was both convincing and reassuring, however, because it merely put into intelligent perspective a number of ideas and attitudes that seem to be prevalent throughout the German business community.

His main preoccupation was evidently the crucial issue of relations with Britain and the rest of the Seven, and the very moderation of his tone underscored the threat to Continental unity in the extremist Little Europe position.

"Partnership with France is accepted by German big business," he explained, "and we shall continue to support this policy despite the many difficulties and irritations it entails. Likewise we believe in the Common Market. What we won't stand for is letting European economic co-operation be used to keep up this idiotic conflict with the Seven. The West cannot afford such a split."

On the broader issue of European integration and political unity the steel man was equally frank, if somewhat more negative: "German industrialists recognize the need for a large market unhampered by such anachronisms as customs and quotas. But all this talk about supranationalism is nonsense. We favor consultation and co-operation at all times, but we don't want a so-called European government that would be a private political club inside NATO. I suppose that some common European institutions are necessary, but I am sure that at least fifty per cent of the present staffs of these organizations is superfluous. What is really needed to co-ordinate European affairs is a small group of men, not too formal, who have something in their heads."

THIS OUTLOOK on European co-operation lags far behind Chancellor Adenauer's in some respects,

but it is probably quite close to that of West Germany's minister of economic affairs, Dr. Ludwig Erhard. And it sounded almost as close—except where relations with the Seven were concerned—to the views of the present French government as they were recently explained to me by an authoritative official French source. The main difference seemed to be that in the French version, the top co-ordinators of Europe should be foreign ministers and a Frenchman should be sitting in the chair—or at least everybody should be sitting in Paris. And I have heard similar opinions expressed by French businessmen, and sometimes by senior U.S. officials in Europe speaking off the record and entirely for themselves.

"Up to now Europe has been the creation of a handful of bureaucrats who didn't have anything else to do," a young French banker friend explained to me. "The businessmen are only just beginning to take it seriously."

Big Business for a Big Market

It is natural that as the businessmen of Little Europe take an increasing interest in the European movement, their ideology increasingly tends to color it. In one sense this phenomenon proves that the abstract idea of European unity has finally taken root in everyday reality. Here, however, we get into another broad and tricky problem area of the Common Market in which the key issue is what French liberals sneeringly refer to as *l'Europe des cartels* as opposed to what the businessmen and the professional diplomats no less sneeringly call the Europe of the Technocrats. There can be no doubt as to which European pattern represents the wave of the future—at least the immediate future. Whether the Europe of the Cartels really deserves its evil-sounding name is a more complex question.

The existence or prospect of a common market has speeded up to a striking degree the already pronounced trend in Western Europe toward larger, more efficient industrial units, with an inevitable concentration of wealth and power. In France two of the largest chemical concerns, Pechiney and St. Gobain, have recently carried out a limited merger to set up what by French standards amounts to a supertrust, strong enough to compete or negotiate on equal terms with the great German combines. In West Germany the giants, especially in the Ruhr, have been getting steadily more gigantic in the last few years, and the application, last month, by Alfred Krupp for another year's delay in splitting up his legendary industrial empire symbolized what is probably the final break with the postwar *mystique* of decartelization. There is little doubt that Krupp, who now does an $800-million-a-year business, will eventually be authorized by the Allied and West German governments to retain permanently the coal and steel works—recently augmented by the purchase of the big Bochumer Verein plant—that he was long ago supposed to have sold. There is just as little question that Thyssen, Kloechner, Mannesmann, Flick, Siemens, and the others will be allowed to continue swallowing, merging, and expanding, and there is a good chance that the Ruhr coal industry—half of it owned by the big steel combines—will be permitted to fuse its three sales cartels into one.

This return to the economic power patterns of the past worries German Social Democrats, all the more because it is accompanied in the case of the Ruhr by a considerable re-emergence or renascence of the

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hereditary bourgeois dynasties and their managerial vassals, traditionally associated with German heavy industry. It is hard, however, to criticize a dynastic order that inspires the almost fanatical loyalty which Krupp employees seem to have for their firm—and which produces the enlightened Krupp credit and technical-assistance policies in the undeveloped countries. It is no easier to make sweeping criticisms of a business system that has raised the real wages of German workers forty-three per cent in the last decade. During a recent debate on the cartel problem in the Bundestag, about all the Social Democratic speakers could do was point with vague alarm at the growing trend toward domination of the economic system by a few men and families.

At the level of the Common Market as a whole, there is a certain amount of financial interlocking of European industry but it is not far advanced. The biggest European "trusts" operating in the Common Market area usually turn out to be British, American, or simply international—Esso, Shell, Philips, Lever Brothers, etc.—and may serve to counterbalance rather than to reinforce the trend toward monopolistic concentration in the Common Market itself.

ON A LESS FORMAL BASIS, however, there is possibly a greater danger of accords between industries and individual firms in different countries of the Community for the division of markets, price fixing, and other restrictive purposes that the Treaty of Rome sought to eliminate. The Executive Commission of the Common Market is alert to the problem but not very well equipped to cope with it, if only because of the fantastic volume of the new business agreements reached since the Common Market was inaugurated.

"Look, this is just last month's crop," one of the Brussels officials said, showing me a thick folder of newspaper clippings announcing mergers, technical accords, sales agreements, and other private ententes concluded within the area of the Community. (There is no formal procedure for registering and checking these deals.)

Some of the agreements announce the creation of Little European trade associations or institutes—many of them embryos of powerful future lobbies—with permanent secretariats, usually in Brussels. The organizations range from a superfederation of national business federations to an international of fishmongers and a syndicate of the brewery industries whose sudsy fervor is expressed in their name: Euromalt. Most of these new accords have a superficial or experimental appearance, although one spectacular exception is the arrangement whereby France's nationalized Renault works will make Alfa-Romeo sports models for France while Alfa-Romeo turns out the Dauphine in Italy. By and large, the existing understandings do not yet reflect any grass-roots integration of European industry but are almost certainly preparing the way for it. Opinions differ whether the tentative patterns of co-operation that are developing are or are not tainted with the restrictive cartel spirit.

It Works!

Robert Marjolin, the youthful French vice-president of the Brussels Commission, is fully aware of the cartel danger but did not seem seriously worried by it when I talked to him in his spacious office on the seventh floor of the somewhat clinical-looking glass-and-stainless-steel main

headquarters building of the Commission. "I believe that the psychology of European businessmen has evolved since the war," Marjolin said. "They are more interested today in expansion than in dividing the market."

Some U.S. economic experts in Germany with whom I talked are less optimistic. "My personal opinion is that basic European business attitudes haven't changed much over the years," one of them said. "The live-and-let-live spirit is still awfully strong over here."

I found abundant evidence of the nonviolent approach to competitors in my talks with German businessmen. "Human relations between the chiefs of the steel industry in different countries of the Six are much better than they used to be before the war," said an executive of the industry's potent national association, housed in Düsseldorf's towering neo-Gothic *Stahlhof*. "There is more co-operation now. We believe in competition but not in economic war between firms and industries."

One of the U.S. experts in Germany said that he counted on the stimulating competition of American business firms—which have recently been moving into the Common Market area in what some authorities term a "mass migration"—to keep European industrialists from becoming too cartel-minded. "U.S. businessmen can't be party to any monkey business and they don't want to have any part of it," he said proudly.

Not all observers are agreed that the Common Market needs more of the aggressive American business spirit. "In one way I'm less worried about cartels than I am about the Common Market finally turning into a second-rate imitation of the American economy," a philosophically inclined member of the Brussels secretariat commented. "I'm all for free trade and free enterprise, and I like automobiles too, but at the moment I would rather see Europe produce fewer automobiles and build more schools."

THE TINGE of anti-Americanism in this view need not alarm Americans unduly. For it was with American help, after all, that the economy of Western Europe has developed to a point where the basic debate is over the techniques of further expansion into greater prosperity. Prosperity itself is no longer in question. And on its first birthday, despite scrimmages between the Six and the Seven, the Common Market is clearly a going concern—and a growing one.

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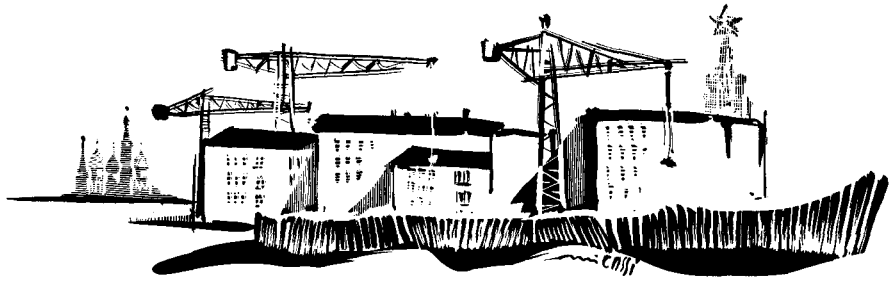

How Much Business Can We Do with the Russians?

HOWARD S. PIQUET and LEON M. HERMAN

According to Premier Khrushchev, trade between the Soviet Union and the United States "over the next few years" may shoot up from the 1958 figure of $21 million to as much as $3 billion. Most competent American experts, on the other hand, take a dim view of this rosy prospect.

Notwithstanding a substantial increase in U.S. exports to the Soviet Union during the first nine months of 1959, exceeding somewhat the total for all of 1958, U.S.-Soviet trade is and always has been very small relative to the total trade of either country. In 1940 the Soviet Union accounted for only one per cent of the total foreign trade of the United States. By 1947, after the termination of Lend-Lease, it fell back to the same level. With the introduction of U.S. export controls in March, 1948, shipments to the Soviet Union came to an almost complete halt and continued to hover below one million dollars annually for six years.

Exports have risen slightly since 1956 but still remain small. In 1958 they totaled only $3.5 million whereas our imports from the Soviet Union amounted to $17.5 million. Exports and imports together are infinitesimal compared with the total foreign trade of the United States, which amounts to almost $29 *billion*. The United States now exports to the Soviet Union about as much as it exports to Barbados and imports about as much as it imports from Afghanistan.

To the Soviet Union, foreign trade serves primarily as a means of co-ordinating the various national economies of the Communist bloc. Three-fourths of its $8-billion annual total of foreign trade—divided about evenly between exports and imports—involves the other Communist countries, headed by East Germany and Red China. Soviet trade with non-Communist countries also virtually balances out, with exports and imports each valued at $1.2 billion. The total volume of Soviet trade with non-Communist nations is roughly comparable to that of Switzerland. From all non-Communist Europe, Soviet imports in 1958 amounted to only $600 million.

Policy and Facts

As Khrushchev sees it, only the artificial barriers erected by the United States since 1948 prevent an almost limitless expansion of Soviet-American trade. The Battle Act, enacted in 1951, prohibited U.S. foreign aid to countries that export strategic materials to Communist nations; and the Trade Agreements Extension Act of 1951 withdrew unconditional most-favored-nation treatment from all products imported from the Soviet Union. Under the Johnson Act of 1934, private long-term credits may not be extended to countries that are in default to the United States, and the failure of the Soviet Union to settle its Lend-Lease accounts automatically places it in this category.

But even if all these legislative barriers were eliminated, it is far from likely that Soviet-American trade would thereupon immediately begin to flourish.

At best, trade between a free-enterprise economy and a state-controlled economy is beset by many difficulties. Under a state-controlled system, foreign trade is inevitably tailored to meet the requirements of an all-pervasive economic plan. External purchases are limited mostly to goods necessary to break domestic bottlenecks and to enhance self-sufficiency. Such trade therefore tends to be sporadic and unpredictable.

By the same token, buyers in the United States can have no assurance that there will be a continuous supply of needed imports, or that they will be free from the hazard of periodic flooding in a particular market. If the Soviet planners discover an unforeseen need for foreign exchange to purchase some capital equipment, they may flood the market with, say, tin or crude oil, regardless of cost and price.

To the British market, for example, the Soviets sent only 500 tons of tin in 1956, then suddenly raised it to 8,700 tons in 1957. France received 80,000 tons of diesel oil in 1957 from the Soviet Union; the next year it got 263,000 tons, three times as much.

When the Soviet Union has been faced by the need to score a point in the political arena, it has not always been meticulous in fulfilling its contractual obligations. A recent case in point is the scrapping of a contract to deliver oil to Israel. Trade disputes are usually adjudicated before a Soviet arbitration body in which the state is both defendant and judge. It would be surprising if the decisions of such a court were not heavily influenced by the wishes of the Soviet government.

To the American businessman the Soviet market is, therefore, not a normal trading area. Although he does not exclude it altogether, he regards it as a market of last resort. He has learned to be wary of the bureaucratic procedures under which it operates and of the slow and tedious "negotiations" that are inevitably involved. The Soviet ne-

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gotiator, who is frequently replaced, is a firm believer in haggling. He neither knows nor accepts the judgment of the market concerning any commodity, and the American trader soon becomes acutely aware of the hazards he must face should a commercial dispute arise.

The Soviet market has the added disadvantage of not affording U.S. exporters any protection for patent rights to the innovations embodied in exported equipment. The Soviet Union is not a party to the international convention on patents and does not hesitate to pirate the designs of patents issued by other countries. Soviet purchasing agents insist on the latest version of any machine that they procure, and they purchase only one or two models at a time. Their prime interest is in developing the internal self-sufficiency of the Soviet bloc, not in the international exchange of goods.

If he is an importer, the U.S. trader must face the fact that changes in the diplomatic climate can easily damage him financially. Anyone engaged in trading with a ministry of the Soviet government must work on the assumption that his rating as a customer depends more on the "friendliness" of the foreign policy pursued by his government than on his own performance. His claim on the Soviet product that he customarily receives can suddenly be erased by the appearance of a more highly valued customer in a country that pursues a "friendlier" policy toward the Soviet Union.

Of course there is risk in all international trade. And the trader must evaluate the opportunities that a given market seems to offer. By this test the Soviet market can have a strong attraction for a few enterprising U.S. exporters. Although the Soviet Union is an unpredictable customer, it is a large one. It would not be realistic for an entire industry to expand its plant capacity on the basis of a spate of Soviet orders, but a Russian order can be quite attractive to an individual producer, particularly as a means of tiding him over a stagnant period.

Toward the Future

Trade between the United States and the Soviet Union would be both cumbersome and hazardous even if there were no international tension, no record of defaults on indebtedness, and no uncertainty over the aggressive intentions of Russia's restless rulers.

If, however, the intensity of some of the grave and irritating issues now separating the two countries could be reduced by negotiation within the near future, the chances for increased trade between the two countries would obviously brighten. The question is, to what extent?

On this score some recent statements by Under Secretary of State C. Douglas Dillon suggest what we may expect. While careful not to arouse false hopes for a change in the nature of the Russian market, he envisions a gradual expansion in the volume of trade with the Soviet Union. Generally speaking, he expects it to come about through a slow improvement in mutual confidence. More specifically, he implies that the United States might be willing to consider the removal of the barriers against Soviet trade, *provided* the Russians are willing to enter into a substantial agreement regarding their Lend-Lease indebtedness.

Such action on their part might be a reason for asking Congress to lift the embargo on furs and to restore unconditional most-favored nation treatment of all goods imported from the Soviet Union. At the same time, it is generally agreed that U.S. control over the exportation of strategic materials will not be abandoned until some of the

deeper problems of the East-West conflict have been resolved.

In the meantime, the most important hindrance to trade continues to be the nature of the Russian market, which is not likely to undergo radical change in the foreseeable future. By their own standards, the Soviet trading agencies are now enjoying a high level of trade with Western Europe. They have ready access to the markets and resources of most industrial nations more or less on their own terms. To them the United States is just another western market. It is the largest, to be sure, and at times it is unique with respect to certain goods. But there is no great need for the Soviet Union to make substantial concessions to obtain freer access to this market.

The Long View

The Soviet leaders would like to induce the United States to abandon its official safeguards over strategic exports, because success in this area would constitute a political accomplishment of the first magnitude. But they are not prepared to pay a price for it, certainly not to the extent of altering their state trading system.

Because the United States is only one of several major industrial markets, the scale of future U.S.-Soviet trade is limited by the need of the Soviet trade monopoly to maintain contact with the group as a whole. For the time being, Soviet trade with the West is expanding slowly. The big percentage upswing, from a low base, came five years ago. At present the peak in Soviet purchases from any western trading partner amounts to $150 million a year, and this figure is reached only in countries that can absorb an equal volume of goods from the Soviet Union.

By comparison, the U.S. demand for typical Soviet export products is limited, although it could in time be raised several notches above the present level. Under more favorable trading conditions, such purchases could conceivably expand to $75 million a year, a fivefold increase over 1958. Given the known Soviet interest in our industrial equipment, it would not take very long to bring up the volume of U.S. exports to that figure. Beyond that, however, any increase could be attained only through the granting of long-term credits to the Soviet Union, a development that must be viewed as improbable until the general climate of relations between the two countries improves markedly.

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Rome Goes into Training For the Olympics

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

NEXT SUMMER, after four years of preparation and an expenditure of nearly $150 million, the 306th Olympiad will open in Rome. The Romans, who haven't put so much effort and money into anything like this for a millennium of two, are gloomily prepared to regret it. The traffic, they say, will be terrible, the prices outrageous, the housing situation impossible, and the city, in short, unlivable. But they will finally have paid a long-standing debt: no other city will have done so much to revive the Olympics' ancient glory ever since the Roman Emperor Theodosius banned the games for all time, or so he thought, back in 394.

From August 25, when relays of runners will carry the Olympic flame along the Appian and Sacred Ways to the Capitoline Hill, until the night three weeks later when the games will close in a great flare of arc lights reaching from the Forums to the Palatine to the Colosseum, seven thousand athletes from ninety-odd nations will compete in a pageant worthy of the Caesars. Many contests will be staged in the ruins of what the Caesars built themselves: there will be gymnastics in the Baths of Caracalla and wrestling in Maxentius' Basilica; rowing will take place at the ancient royal summer resort of Lake Albano; the marathon will finish by torchlight at the Arch of Constantine. There will be sideshows, too, that have been preserved intact since the age of chivalry: jousters in knightly armor from Foligno, setting lances at a quintain; archers and crossbowmen from Gubbio fighting their annual Battle of the Arrows; a human chess game played exactly as it was when the beautiful Lionora chose the winner as her husband in Marostica, somewhere around 1100. For the rest, the modern settings will be as magnificent in their way as the old.

In general, Italians are not addicted to sports. Indeed, they are so disinclined to spend money on this pursuit that they turned down a previous invitation to hold the Olympics some years ago. They do, however, have a passion for soccer amounting nearly to mania; and their enthusiasm for the sport itself is nothing to what it is for a national soccer pool called *Totocalcio,* on which they gamble about $30 million a year.

By doing just that they have now managed, almost in spite of themselves, to transform Rome from one of the worst-equipped sports capitals in Europe to one of the best on earth. The Italian Olympics Committee (CONI), which runs *Totocalcio,* has spent upwards of $30 million from the proceeds on preparations for the coming games; and the government, which pockets half the take, has chipped in over $100 million more. (Not all this last can be considered part of the Olympics bill, however, much of it having gone into roads, bridges, airports, and housing that were badly needed anyway.) The result is about 250 acres of open and covered stadia, velodromes, swimming pools, and training fields, all so splendid in design and sumptuous in appointment that even the Russians have asked for the plans.

Had Mussolini lived to see this day, he would be eaten with envy. In his endless efforts to make athletes of his subjects, he had started work on a huge sports center known as the Mussolini Forum, now the Italian Forum and one of the Olympic Games' two main sites. He lived long enough to complete a marble stadium at vast expense that could hold only ten thousand people, a series of mosaic pavements with the word "Duce" embedded 264 times, a spectacular swimming pool whose foundations collapsed soon after it was completed, and a 300-ton, 118-foot-high marble column inscribed simply with his name, which took a year to carve from the cliffs of Carrara and four more to carry to Rome. He did not last long enough to complete a bronze statue he had planned for the entrance, which was to have consisted in a nude athlete's body 92 feet tall, with his own head imposed upon it.

6,200 Trained Pigeons

There are twenty-four new sites, some grouped around the old Mussolini Forum, others on the unfinished World's Fair grounds, another of the Duce's interrupted daydreams. All these new structures are handsome and inventive, and some are superb. Visiting experts who have inspected them—the glittering Olympic Stadium that provides perfect vision for a hundred thousand spectators, the glass-enclosed Sports Palace whose soaring 328-foot dome surpasses St. Peter's in grandeur, the landscaped racing and diving pools connected to covered warm-up pools by a temperature-controlled passageway—say they are the best that Olympic athletes have ever had.

The athletes' lodgings, too, will be close to ideal. An entire village has been built for them at a cost of almost $20 million, with individual motor scooters for their transport, a staff of 1,500 to minister to their comforts, and a surrounding zone of silence to ensure their peace of mind. The village, which subsequently will be inhabited by government workers, has 8,000 rooms divided into three- and four-room apartments. Each has a kitchen for those who prefer their own chefs to the Wagon-Lit Company's (as many well might); and each will be fitted out to the specifications of participating nations: kapok mattresses for the Indonesians, dark blinds and two pillows per head for the British, fifty per cent hard beds and fifty per cent soft for the Americans, innerspring mattresses for the Tunisians, iron beds for Spartan France, and foam rubber mattresses for the Fiji Islands. All these furnishings will be supplied by the Italian Army, which is

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also contributing such items as helicopters, minesweepers, corvettes, anchor chains, motorcycles, cars, trucks, ambulances, loudspeakers, telephones, teletypes, colored smoke signals, showers, 2,000 singers for the Olympic Hymn Chorus, and 6,200 trained pigeons.

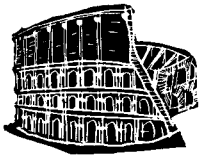
Presumably, the press also will bask in unaccustomed comfort. The committee has set up a Press House midway between the two major Olympic sites, with accommodations for 1,200 journalists and photographers. It will be linked to all twenty-four sites by several thousand miles of telephone wire—a pleasant legacy for the victims of Rome's overburdened suburban telephone network—and $8 million worth of new cable, radio and television installations will be available for the reporters' convenience.

There are, however, several thousand other reporters, photographers, and auxiliary technicians who will exceed the accreditation limit and must therefore shift for themselves, along with the 150,000 ordinary visitors expected to pour into Rome daily for the games. These visitors will—or should—account for a figure that unnerves Rome's city fathers and gives the local populace morbid pleasure. Like urban residents everywhere, the Romans are perpetually waiting for their mayor to fall on his face. They feel that they have not long to wait.

240,000 Automobiles

In an excess of enthusiasm that it is now beginning to regret, the committee has put up enough grandstands for two hundred thousand spectators and printed nearly five million tickets, which would keep the stands filled to capacity. Since only a quarter of the tickets will be on sale locally, the rest will bring an influx of visitors who must theoretically not only eat and sleep but also find their way around the city without losing their shirts or tempers. This raises several questions regarding traffic, housing, and the tourist-milking trade known here as *bagarinaggio,* questions the city authorities must face and dread.

For one thing, Rome was not made for the automobile. The Eternal City is essentially a vast national monument, cluttered aboveground with irreplaceable Renaissance architecture, and below with such priceless relics of antiquity that it cannot even risk building a subway. It is already clogged with two hundred thousand cars trying to circulate through cobblestoned streets that were designed for the sedan chair and horse-drawn carriage, and the normal rate of increase should bring the number to 240,000 by August. The Olympics may attract as many as seventy-five thousand more each day, not only coming and going along the main arteries leading to the capital but also crisscrossing it for events that will be held morning, noon, and night at its northern and southern peripheries, on two major sites 10½ miles apart. To make matters worse, one of the sites lies just below the confluence of the Via Cassia and the Via Flaminia. When a pre-Olympic tryout was held there last summer, drivers who had inched



their way to a standstill simply left their cars parked bumper to bumper on the road and walked to the field.

In an effort to stave off chaos, the government has spent $10 million, widening the approaches to Rome and building four underpasses, a viaduct, a new bridge over the Tiber, and a throughway from the Italian Forum to the World's Fair grounds that will bypass the metropolis entirely. Not much more could be done. But no one really expects appreciable relief from these measures, nor are there high hopes for the parking arrangements at the sites themselves. Of the three parking lots under construction, the biggest will hold ten thousand cars. It will be the only one to serve the Olympic Stadium, which seats ten times as many people.

Millions of Money

The housing situation looks still darker. Rome's hotels, from the most fashionable on the Via Veneto to the most dingy, cannot take in more than thirty thousand guests and already they are solidly booked. Convents, monasteries, and religious colleges have agreed to board another ten thousand, and twenty thousand additional beds will be available for campers who may either bring their own tents or sleep in flimsy barracks. This would leave well over half the visitors bedless. The Olympics' housing director thinks about thirty thousand of them will either bunk with friends and relatives or rent rooms in private homes. "As to what will happen to the rest," he adds "that will be up to God."

God's share of the burden might be smaller if the Romans were more inclined to take in visitors. So far their response has been meager. In his first public appeal for beds, their mayor got off to a bad start by neglecting to mention police regulations or taxes. He got exactly one response. He has since retrieved his error by promising to exempt all temporary rentals from taxes and police registration, an announcement that brought six thousand offers overnight. Even so, he is still far enough from the goal to spread despair among the Olympics' organizers. Their distress is all the greater for the apparent lack of any anxiety at City Hall, where authorities tend to the view that Romans will do their civic duty more readily when time grows short and rents go up accordingly.

Patriotism is not the only issue at stake. There is also a question of hard cash. The Italians haven't a chance of earning back what they have spent on the Olympics. In fact, the committee does not count on taking in more than $6 million from every possible source. About a third of this should be coming from the sale of radio and TV rights abroad (CBS has already undertaken to pay $750,000 for the rights in the United States and Canada); another third is to come from the sale of programs, emblems, and various concessions as well as from the athletes' rent (they will each pay $8 a day); and well over $2 million should be forthcoming from the box office. While this last figure is scarcely noticeable in the total budget, it represents only a small fraction of what the ticket buyers will probably spend when they get here. If all goes well—which is to say if all of them come—they are expected to

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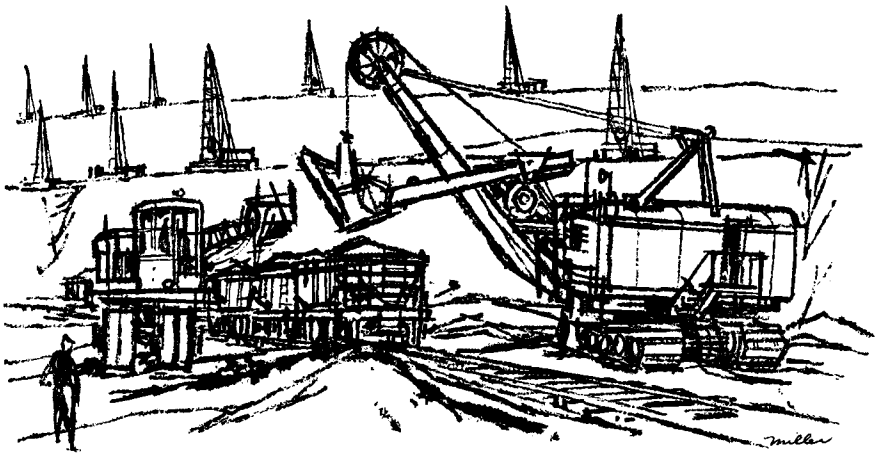
leave at least $25 million behind.

What worries the committee is that some people may be too discouraged by the housing shortage to come at all, while others who do come may be so thoroughly plucked by rent gougers, ticket scalpers, and creative con men that they will get out as fast as they can.

In emergencies like this, Italians sometimes feel that they come off badly in comparison to brisker, more efficient nations of the north—like the Belgians, for instance, who installed an elaborate electronic room finder for their recent World's Fair. Since the machine did not work, one need not necessarily suppose that tourists will fare any the worse if left, in the Latin fashion, to God. Actually, they might be better off in Rome than elsewhere. The government may not be able to keep all the speculators in check here—"We must allow for a certain natural play of forces when so much money is changing hands," says a spokesman blandly—but it can rely to some extent on the Romans' seasoned judgment. Most of them are sufficiently used to tourists by now to gauge exactly how far they can be taken. While hotel prices have already risen, for example—even the convents are charging twice what they did for the Holy Year—they still are not exorbitant. Furthermore, many residents will probably be willing to help out with a room as a public service when the time comes, particularly since it will be the vacation period.

IT IS PLAIN from the letters pouring into the Olympics housing office that those who want to come for these games will not discourage easily. The rich are prepared to pay for their comfort, and the poor are prepared to do without it. The evocative pageantry, the stupendous size and variety, the style and elegance of the Olympic Games have stirred the world's imagination. Thousands have already written to beg for any kind of bed, in any hole in the corner, with or without a roof above it, so as to witness what will surely be a majestic spectacle. "Rome and the Olympics together!" writes a student from Japan in making just such a plea. "When would I have such a chance again?"



A Gentle Threat To Seven Giants

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

MOST OF CANADA'S oil comes out of the ground within two hours' drive of this busy, friendly, brashly new city on the westernmost prairie, almost within sight of the Rockies. A mile or so south of town, a great tank farm sprawls over a rise of ground. Here the gathering lines pour in crude oil from Leduc, Redwater, and a dozen other fields.

Here the Trans Mountain Pipeline drinks in oil for the rugged journey over the Rockies to Vancouver. Close by, the Interprovincial Pipeline has its starting point for the longer but more placid journey across the prairie provinces, then across North Dakota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, to reappear in Canada at Sarnia, and finally to reach the refinery complex at Toronto.

This cluster of giant tanks and pumping stations at Edmonton is the pulsing heart of the twelve-year-old Canadian oil industry. Eastward and westward, it sends out the industrial lifeblood of the nation. And it *is* lifeblood, for Canada gets fifty-four per cent of its energy from oil, far more than from coal or water power. But the heart is not as sturdy as many Canadians would like it to be. Or at least it is not pumping as hard. Edmonton, the capital, is a boom town, with the expected characteristics. So is Calgary, two hundred miles to the south. But the boom could sound louder, and please the natives' ears the more.

Canada's oil problem has elements of paradox. With proved reserves of 3.5 billion barrels, its youthful oil industry has a present productive capacity of about a million barrels a day. But actual production has been ranging around 450,000. Yet while its own wells have been producing at only forty-five to forty-seven per cent of capacity, Canada has been importing forty-five per cent of its crude petroleum requirements from Venezuela and the Middle East. It is paying out $300 million a year for oil the Province of Alberta would be happy to supply, if allowed to. More and more Canadians are asking why a country rich in oil should be importing nearly half the petroleum it uses.

THE SIMPLEST ANSWER was given by a Canadian oil executive, speaking—most unofficially—for the great international oil companies concerned. Tilting back in his swivel chair, he said with the candor that comes easily in remarks not for attribution:

"Suppose you had one dollar on deposit in a bank in Toronto, and one dollar on deposit in a bank in Kuwait—or Iraq, or Saudi Arabia;

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you want to spend one dollar, and save one safely. My friend, which dollar would *you* draw out?"

That's too facile to be a responsible answer. But the point is a valid one. The major international oil companies that dominate the Canadian petroleum industry all have large interests in Venezuela or the Middle East or both. They want to get all the oil—and profits—they can from their overseas concessions while the getting is good, before Arab nationalism or Latin pride spoils the fun. Canada, by contrast, is a well-behaved, responsible country. Its oil will keep. A billion barrels of the stuff in proved reserve under the prairie soil of Alberta is like money in a good, safe bank.

To be sure, it's not really that simple. Middle East oil is cheap. Exploration and production costs are low. Tanker rates, since the end of the Suez crisis, are at distress levels. If pressed, any of the seven major oil companies could bring oil by tanker from the Persian Gulf, land it in Vancouver, pump it over the Rocky Mountains (reversing the flow of the Trans Mountain Pipeline), and sell it to an Edmonton refinery for less than what it costs the same company or an independent to bring oil from Redwater thirty miles into Edmonton at a profit.

The division of the Canadian market reflects the economics of the world oil industry. The Canadian fields supply all of western Canada and most of the Toronto market. They also export sizable volumes by pipeline to U.S. refiners in the Puget Sound area and the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. Farther east is Montreal, a major refining center and the biggest market in Canada. It is supplied mainly from Venezuela but partly from the Middle East, both by pipeline from Portland, Maine, and by tanker direct. For the refiners (and consumers) of the Montreal region, it is more economical to get oil from overseas than through a two-thousand-mile pipeline haul from the Alberta field.

Many Canadians who accept the foreign supply of Montreal as good economics can wax indignant, however, at the traffic through the oil-products pipeline from Montreal to Toronto. This line, used by three major international companies, moves fifty thousand barrels of refined products a day into Toronto—products made from foreign crude. It cuts deeply into the demand for Canadian crude in the heart of industrial Canada, at the eastern terminus of the Interprovincial Pipeline. This, they say, is poaching. And the companies concerned have undertaken to switch the fifty thousand barrels a day, gradually, and use that much more Canadian crude.

It's something like the date market in the United States. East of the Mississippi River, you find mainly imported Iraq dates in the food stores. West of the Mississippi, you find California dates. It is the kind of unwritten gentlemen's agreement that merchants arrive at intuitively and honor fairly well, because it embodies sound economics as well as a realistic live-and-let-live philosophy. But it's not good enough for the independent oil men of Alberta, whose fields are running at thirty-nine per cent of capacity and whose wellhead prices are scaled to meet foreign competition at Sarnia and Toronto.

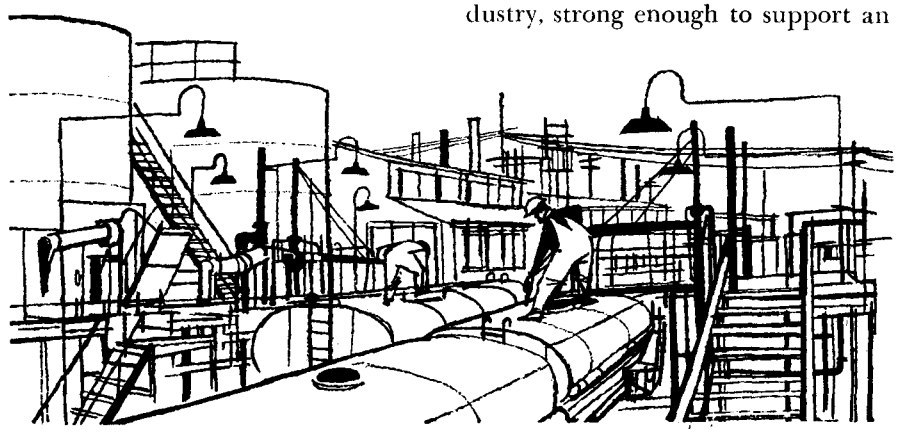
A Clear Warning

With their vast resources, the "majors" can take this Spartan regimen and still keep on with some exploration. If they don't make much money, it's because their parent companies are making it instead. But many of the independents, with meager capital and with no stake in the Middle East or Venezuelan fields, must go to the wall if the market for Canadian crude is not expanded fairly soon. They are in trouble right now.

At the urging of these independents, and also out of concern for Canada's long-range national interest, a Royal Commission on Energy, headed by Henry Borden, dug into the problem in 1958 and 1959. Its report on petroleum, brought in late last summer, is typical of the studies made by Canadian royal commissions—thorough, scholarly, sober, objective, comprehensive. In addition, it is a superb example of the delicacy with which good-mannered British gentlemen can publish to the biggest international oil companies of the world an unmistakable warning to give Canada a better deal—or else.

After one clears away the scholarly window dressing, the Borden report becomes a fairly simple document. It is a message of some urgency from an arm of the Canadian government to seven major international petroleum companies. Five of them are American—Standard of New Jersey, Gulf, Socony Mobil, the Texas Company, Standard of California. These five control fifty-four per cent of oil production outside the United States (whose *domestic* production is dominated by many smaller independents). To these five one must add British Petroleum and Royal Dutch-Shell. The big seven account for eighty-five per cent of all the oil produced outside the United States and the Soviet bloc. Through their subsidiaries, such as Imperial Oil, Texaco of Canada, etc. they also dominate the Canadian petroleum industry—production and refining alike. If they chose, they could change the Canadian oil picture profoundly and quickly.

The Royal Commission on Energy did not take up the strident war cry of the Alberta independents: "Canada for the Canadians." Its members have too much respect for economics. But they did set as their goal a healthy, expanding national oil industry, strong enough to support an



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aggressive exploration and development program. Their aim is to make Canada reasonably self-reliant in oil, both for reasons of economic well-being and national security. Instead of producing 450,000 barrels a day, they say, the prairie provinces should move up to around 700,000 barrels a day, or seven-tenths of capacity. But it doesn't matter much who buys that oil as long as somebody does.

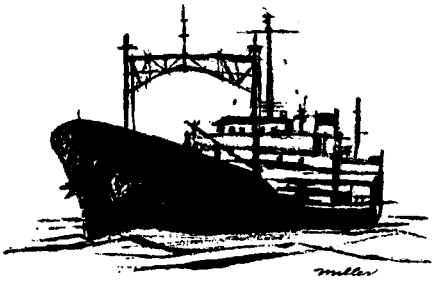
In fact, there's no wide choice of buyers. They have to be either Canadians or Americans, for Canada's oil is not competitive anywhere else. The most obvious and certain market for West Canada crude is the normal expansion of demand in the parts of Canada already supplied from Canadian sources. That will help, but it isn't nearly enough. The next most obvious new market is in Toronto, where the major companies already have agreed to switch from refined products made of foreign crude in Montreal to products made of Canadian crude in the Toronto-Hamilton refining area. If this transition lags, the Borden Commission says in a gracious way, it will then be in order to set up import restrictions—to compel the use of Canadian crude in all areas of Canada served by existing pipelines. And to make sure of being fully and clearly understood, the report contains precise indications as to just how the import license system should be handled.

Clearly, the next new market should be in the export field. In practice that means the northern United States from the Great Lakes area westward to Washington and Oregon. For a time, this prospect was clouded by U.S. import restrictions—which to be sure were more insult than injury. These were lifted last July 1; and the settled United States policy now is to allow unhampered import of oil by pipeline, motor vehicle, or rail (not by tanker)—except for a customs duty of 10.5 cents a barrel. Since a barrel of crude oil is worth about three dollars, the duty is not a major obstacle but merely a small penalty some people must pay for not being Americans.

Legally, therefore, the northern U.S. market is open to Canadian oil. But that access means little unless U.S. refiners actually buy from Canada. And mostly the refiners are the very same big international companies that are trying assiduously to work off their surplus of low-cost Middle Eastern or Venezuelan oil before the ground rules are changed for the worse in those headstrong, unpredictable lands.

So Canada's battle for a U.S. export market is not a battle with the U.S. government but with seven giant oil companies. The Borden report tells the seven, courteously but firmly, to find buyers for 250,000 barrels a day more Canadian crude. If most of this has to be sold in the United States, that is not an impausible proposal. Lately the United States has been importing close to a million barrels a day of crude petroleum from all sources, while U.S. *domestic* producers have been operating at seventy-two per cent of capacity, in contrast to Canada's forty-five to forty-seven per cent.

But almost nothing would happen if Canada stopped with this plaintive plea for greater use of its crude, because the "majors" have no real incentive to sell (or buy) more Canadian oil. So there is a gimmick. It is the Montreal market—eastern Canada—nearly one-third of the total Canadian market, now supplied entirely from Venezuela and the Persian Gulf. Ever since the slump that followed the Suez crisis of 1956-1957, the independent producers of



Alberta have been beating the drums for a pipeline direct from the Edmonton field to Montreal. At one swoop, they (and their king-size competitors) would seize nearly all the remaining market in Canada, boosting their production by at least 200,000 barrels a day, probably more.

They have all sorts of arguments. This would make Canada independent of overseas oil, and therefore strategically more secure. It would eliminate at least $250 million of adverse payments a year in Canada's international balance of trade. The pipeline would, or at least could, cross virtually the whole of Canada, opening new areas to economic development as refineries were built along the route. (Canada, as Americans tend to forget, has a northern frontier not unlike the U.S. western frontier of seventy years ago and more. Canadians still have the prodigal impatience to "open up the country" that Americans had before the turn of the century.) But such a pipeline, thirty inches in diameter and two thousand miles long, would cost $375 million to construct, and two years' time. It would not be economically sound with overseas oil prices and tanker rates what they are today. It could be done only if Montreal refiners agreed to take stipulated volumes of crude for the next twenty years. And this they have refused to do, for understandable reasons. In any case, Quebec consumers would have to pay somewhat more for oil products, which are far more important in domestic heating and in family budgets than they are in the United States.

Pipeline for Unity

Lawyer Borden and his five colleagues on the Energy Commission handled this one nicely. They recommended no action *now* by the Canadian government to build or encourage an Edmonton-Montreal pipeline. But with the utmost delicacy they suggested that if in twelve or eighteen months the oil companies did not find markets somewhere for a quarter of a million more barrels a day of Canadian crude, the pipeline to Montreal would develop certain attractions. To make their implied threat more graphic, they showed which routes were preferable, what the diameter of the pipeline should be, how the existing Interprovincial Pipeline could be utilized, and how a government-owned pipeline could be built if the oil companies lacked the capital resources or the will to go ahead with it. Most important of all, the commissioners explained how an import-license system could be used to exclude foreign crudes from Quebec and therefore would assure the new pipeline's commercial success. This

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section of the Borden report is indeed an example of the iron hand in the oily velvet glove.

This pipeline threat is a persuasive sanction, despite the fact that the oil companies know that the commissioners know that the line is not a good idea at all. It is persuasive because the independent oil people of Alberta, although small, are politically influential. It is persuasive because Canada is not as sober and sensible a country as it is widely alleged to be. The Canadians are a people searching for a national soul. They are a nation hell bent for unity at any cost, so that they won't be swallowed up by their massive neighbor in a spell of absent-minded amiability. And they want transcontinental bonds that will symbolize and guarantee their nationhood.

But they must fight geography all the way. If a country is where the people are, Canada is a shoestring country not unlike Chile, but running east and west. Its people fill an irregular belt of land two hundred miles wide and four thousand miles long, hugging the U.S. border. All the rest is back country. The natural lines of communication, travel, trade, and tourism run north and south. British Columbia's natural ties are with Washington, Oregon, and California. The prairie provinces are in the gravitational orbit of Montana and Minnesota. Ontario is half surrounded by the U.S. Great Lakes states, and so on. Even the Interprovincial Pipeline runs for one-third its length through U.S. territory.

CANADA has spent lavishly for transcontinental railways and airlines—and some pipelines—to weld itself into a viable economic entity, and so make good the fact of a sovereign political entity. And the Canadian's main reliance even now, more mystical than logical, is in ever stronger east-west arteries lacing back and forth across the Dominion. And what could make a better symbolic artery than a thirty-inch pipeline?

The next move is up to Gulf, Standard of New Jersey, Texaco, *et al.* Canada has pointed the path, and indicated gently but articulately the penalty it places on noncompliance.

Southern California's Precarious One-Crop Economy

SEYOM BROWN

A MEGALOPOLIS twice the length of New Jersey is being built in Southern California. It extends from the Vandenberg missile test area 150 miles north of Los Angeles to the Mexican border. Urban pockets in this semi-arid slice of earth have been filling up and spilling over at the rate of forty thousand people and twenty thousand automobiles a month. More than half of the six million people who today live in metropolitan Los Angeles came here since the start of the Second World War, and nearly a third since the Korean War. The only population decrease is in trees, animals, and old-timers who can recall the smell of orange blossoms at night.

Tourists still come—more than four million a year—to see the mythical Southern California; but they soon realize that the real sights are the freeways, the supermarkets, the subdivisions, and the smog.

The descriptions of Southern California these days, by feature writers and visitors, are more negative than positive. The state chamber of commerce merely shrugs and winks. What matter if the growth is too often haphazard, sloppy, frequently harsh to those who stand in its way? The people will come, especially those with money to invest, so long as there's *growth*; and growth generates itself. Let 'em come. We'll figure out something to do with them.

Los Angeles boosters can produce a boom graph for any standard economic indicator. Take the service-to-basic-industry ratio: Before the Second World War, Los Angeles could be described as a top-heavy "service-industry" town. In 1940, ten per cent of the work force in the metropolitan area was employed in the personal-services occupations, nine per cent in professional services, four per cent in amusement and recreation, and three per cent in business and repair services. Today those engaged in all these service occupations amount to only fourteen per cent of the 2.6-million work force—just slightly higher than the national average of twelve per cent.

Meanwhile, manufacturing, which employed only one out of every five Angelenos in 1940, now employs one out of every three. It's a far cry from the days when Los Angeles seemed to live almost completely off the dollars brought in by its motion picture, petroleum, and fancy fruits industries, tourists, and coupon-clipping oldsters.

YET BENEATH the surface confidence lie some gnawing doubts, largely unrelated to Southern California's old vulnerabilities. The worries are about the area's new vulnerability—the fact that the whole local economy has become geared to a manufacturing base which is undiversified and, worse, subject to severe dislocations. In a report delivered last June to

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the governor's commission on metropolitan-area problems, James Gillies, professor of business administration at U.C.L.A., warned that the locally produced goods bringing most new dollars into the state are aircraft, missiles, and their technical and electrical supporting systems. The biggest customer is Uncle Sam, and his tastes in such matters are notoriously fickle. "Just think what would happen if we had a 'peace scare,'" said Gillies, anticipating by two months the speculation at the announcement of the Khrushchev visit.

The cautious White House response to Khrushchev's disarmament proposals calmed the more extreme local fears that there might be a sudden cutback in defense expenditures. But chamber of commerce economists have by no means stopped worrying about cutbacks now that the "more-bang-for-a-buck" philosophy seems to be more firmly entrenched than ever in the Pentagon.

The Brink of Peace

Southern California's precarious dependency on defense industry is a legacy of the Second World War. Half a million workers came to the state between 1940 and 1945 to work in the new aircraft factories, steel mills, and shipyards. San Francisco got a large share of the shipbuilding; but almost all aircraft production was located in the south, converting the placid communities of Burbank, Santa Monica, and San Diego into humming cities. And the Fontana vineyard has never been quite the same since it became the premises of Henry Kaiser's huge steel mill. The over-all impact was a tripling of employment in manufacturing industries while the work force in other nonagricultural industries remained relatively constant.

As a consequence of this buildup, postwar unemployment in California averaged 8.8 per cent of the state's labor force in 1946—more than twice the national average of 3.9 per cent; and there was ten per cent unemployment in Los Angeles during the 1948-1949 recession, compared with 5.5 per cent nationally. Fortunately, Governor Earl Warren had a backlog of public-works projects in readiness and a budget reserve to finance them; otherwise unemployment might have reached as high as fifteen per cent.

The Korean War gave local industries a tremendous fillip. Aircraft employment rolls, which had suffered a three-fourths cutback in the 1945-1949 period, jumped fifty per cent in Los Angeles during the first year of the war and increased at nearly the same rate during the second year. By the end of 1953, 170,000 people in greater Los Angeles were working in the industry. The Southern California plants of Lockheed, Douglas, Hughes, North American, and Convair employed more than twenty-five per cent of the national total in aircraft production. More people came to take up residence in Southern California during the Korean War than during any three-year period before or since.

But business leaders were now more worried than ever. It was all too evident how closely the boom was related to government defense spending. The Southern California Research Council, a private association of prominent businessmen and academicians formed to study local economic problems, drew up a widely circulated report entitled *The Effect of a Reduction of Defense Expenditures Upon the Los Angeles Area*. It "a fifty per cent cut in defense expenditures should occur . . . [while] business conditions and investment remain high, the estimate would be for total unemployment of about 200,000 or twelve per cent [of the entire labor force]," predicted the council. "Or *if* business conditions and investment are lower, unemployment might approximate 350,000 or twenty per cent."

Despite Republican Party campaign slogans, Southern California prosperity went to the brink of peace but never fell over. On the heels of the Korean truce came Dulles's announcement that "massive retaliation" was replacing containment, and that we would place more emphasis on the deterrent capabilities of the Strategic Air Command than on conventional forces. Thus, while the nation braced itself for a reduction in defense expenditures, Los Angeles—the aircraft arsenal—was given a booster shot.

Consequently, from 1954 onward California's unemployment rate has been lower than the national average. And total manufacturing employment continued to grow at a more rapid rate than the population, especially in Los Angeles.

Bad News from the Pentagon

Meanwhile, the service-industry share of total employment continued to drop, except in professional services (particularly medical, legal, and engineering). The California Union Bank's report, *The Dynamic Los Angeles Metropolitan Area,* loudly trumpeted the wonderful effect all this had had on the area's diversification index. But a less widely read series of articles, appearing in the May, 1959, issue of the U.S. Department of Labor's *Monthly Labor Review*, sounded a more restrained note. No less an economist than Clark Kerr, president of the University of California, warned that "the extent of industrial diversification that has occurred . . . in California should not be exaggerated" since, as official statistics indicate, "much of the growth in manufacturing has taken place in the aircraft and other defense-related industries." In fact, nearly half the rise in manufacturing employment has occurred in the aircraft industry, and most of the rest in ordnance, metal products, machinery, and electrical machinery. In the same journal the chief of the California Department of Industrial Relations' Division of Labor Statistics points out that "three industries—aircraft, electrical equipment, and ordnance (including missiles)—employed thirty-nine per cent of all factory workers in the [Los Angeles metropolitan] area in 1958." Add to this the fact that six out of every ten manufacturing employees in California work in Los Angeles, and it is clear that the state's sprouting industrial superstructure rests squarely on the huge but collapsible Southern California defense-industry complex.

THE UMBILICAL connection between the Southern California manufacturing complex and the Department of Defense explains why the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce cried out so loudly when the New York Congressional delegation introduced legislation last spring to give other areas, especially those with a labor surplus, a larger bite of defense contracts; and it explains why California

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congressmen were so concerned about then Defense Secretary McElroy's August meeting with Canadian defense officials. (Canada wants the United States to ease its import and security restrictions so that Canadian electronics and aircraft producers may compete for U.S. defense contracts.)

One Los Angeles suburb, Downey, would have preferred an earthquake to the jolt it got in July, 1957, when the Air Force canceled the work in progress on the Navajo intermediate-range missile. In two weeks 15,600 workers there were laid off by North American Aviation. The company, and therefore the town, recouped somewhat by the defense contracts North American subsequently picked up for its new Autonetics and Rocketdyne Division and its responsibility for building the Hound Dog air-to-surface missile, the B-70 bomber, and the F-108 fighter. But the sudden cancellation of the F-108 contract last September and the almost total elimination of the B-70 program in December have renewed local jitteriness. United Automobile Workers officials at North American told me they are also expecting men to be laid off in the expected "phase-out" of the Hound Dog. "These things are just like bullets," said a union representative. "You build them; then you store them. They don't wear out like aircraft. If there's no new project when the number called for in the contract is supplied, there's just no more work."

Space Age News, the aerospace magazine of the West Coast, had all but predicted the elimination of the B-70 program well before the Pentagon's recent announcement that only the test models would be ordered: "Bluntly, the day of the big bomber is all but over . . . This means that the fate of the B-70 is entirely in doubt because—quite simply—SAC won't really need it by the time it emerges from its [research and development] cocoon." The main emphasis by fiscal year 1961, predicted the magazine, will probably be on ICBMs like the Atlas and Titan.

Nor were such warnings lost on the Convair Division of General Dynamics in San Diego, which had just seen Pentagon orders for eight of their B-58s canceled in a move described by *Business Week* as the start of the new plan "to tailor defense to the national budget." Predictions of further cuts to come were heard in Washington just before Christmas.

Some Winners, Some Losers

Most large businesses dependent upon the prosperity of the greater Los Angeles metropolitan area have thus far been riding upward and onward with the space age, not greatly concerned with the sporadic shakiness in the suburbs. The reason has been the ability of Southern California as a whole to shift gears with the new technology. While one suburb that is almost entirely dependent upon a particular defense industry may be rocked by a phase-out or cancellation that affects the local company, a suburb twenty miles across Los Angeles may be thriving from a new award received by its defense industry.

New York's Senator Jacob K. Javits was compelled to admit recently in a heated floor debate with Senator Clair Engle that the swiftness with which some of California's prime airframe contractors converted after Sputnik was a major cause of the state's ever-increasing lead in the defense-contracts race.

Hughes is now almost entirely devoted to electronics. Northrop Aviation has changed its name to Northrop Corporation, reflecting the economic compulsion to diversify. Douglas Aircraft, rather slow to convert for research and development, has nevertheless picked up a good share of missile contracts. Probably the most aggressively versatile of the big airframe companies is Lockheed. One-third of its $963 million sales in 1958 were missile and space items; it has recently announced its entry into the nuclear-submarine field; and it has even contracted to build an experimental monorail—an indication of the company's concern for a future without defense contracts. For most of the other large firms, however, the spur to diversification has little to do with anticipations of peace.

The demand for aircraft production workers in the area has dropped nearly forty per cent since Sputnik, but the demand by the aircraft and electronics industries for technicians, engineers, and scientists has risen by more than that proportion. Just how many of these specially skilled people have moved to Southern California within the past year is not known. Most, however, seem to be settling in Orange County, the southeast section of greater Los Angeles. More new dwelling units have been built in this half-million-acre strip during the past three years than in any other county in the nation, and its population has been growing by sixty thousand a year—"mostly engineers," explained a prominent local real-estate man.

With Orange County added in, metropolitan Los Angeles employees today engaged directly in defense-contract work (aircraft, electronics, missiles) are reliably estimated to be more than twelve per cent of the total work force. Guessing at the additional number of employees engaged in subcontract work is hazardous. A few years ago one of the major aircraft producers tried to trace back his product to the seventh subcontractor and located an old man who had bought a rundown used-car

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lot. The man had found a dusty tool shed in back of the lot with an apparatus that turned out some odd-shaped nuts and bolts for which there was a buyer. He hired four men to work in his tool shed, and made a handsome profit while selling few cars. He was startled when he was told where the items he was turning out were being used.

THE ASSIGNMENT of contracts on the Polaris missile is a striking illustration of the way defense expenditures can percolate through the economy. The "Missile System Manager" for the Navy's IRBM is the Lockheed Missiles and Space Division. There are two major subcontractors—the General Electric Corporation for electronic guidance and the Aerojet-General Corporation for propulsion. In addition, Lockheed contracts directly with nearly a thousand subcontractors for such items as suspension systems, re-entry engineering, beryllium products, and numerous other supplies. Furthermore, most of the subcontractors rely in turn on hundreds of suppliers. Aerojet-General, for example, subcontracts with 211 companies, each employing more than five hundred men, and 464 smaller concerns. On the Polaris, as on most other California prime contracts, roughly forty per cent of the subcontracting is to firms in Southern California.

Thus, the landscape is dotted with companies, little and big, trying to get launched into the space age. "Electro" and "Aero" have become ubiquitous prefixes and "dynamic," "technic," or "onic" the most frequently appearing suffixes. And many a firm with an unlikely-sounding name is an important subcontractor for a highly lucrative missile project. A ceramics manufacturer may be baking part of a missile cone in his oven. A packaging company may be making tiny containers for components of sensitive ground control devices.

The Eastern 'Conspiracy'

With $4.4 billion in prime contracts (21.4 per cent of the national defense-contract dollar) having gone to California companies in 1958, and a larger proportion expected to show up when the final figures are in for 1959, the anxiety of other states to scale down California's share has mounted.

The most publicized attempt to distribute the contracts more evenly is the Keating-Javits bill (S. 1875), introduced by the New York senators last May 7, and due for further consideration next spring. The bill would: 1) increase the number of contracts and subcontracts allocated by competitive bidding rather than "negotiation," 2) encourage "a fair share of purchases with small business concerns," and 3) encourage "a fair proportion to concerns located in areas of substantial labor surplus."

When the intention to introduce such legislation was revealed, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce acted swiftly. Harold Wright, the general manager of the chamber, organized an emergency industrial "task force" that included leaders of the San Diego, San Jose, Sacramento, and other chambers, defense-industry representatives, and prominent local businessmen. The task force called in Professor Gerhard Rostvold of Pomona College, known for his familiarity with defense industries, to prepare the California case against the "conspiracy" of the Easterners to "raid" the Pacific Coast's defense cluster.

Rostvold urged the chamber to rely on the high level "efficiency-of-local-producers-explains-our-dominance" presentation, and to let defense-industry leaders, not the chamber of commerce, lead the attack. Chamber officials, however, were political realists: Get the entire community heated up and you'll light a fire under the California congressmen, just as the clamor from labor-surplus areas in the East got the New York delegation to act. "When you talk about the defense contractors you talk about everyone in the business community," a Los Angeles Chamber spokesman told me. "What affects them affects the livelihood of us all; and it affects our tax base."

The task force traveled to Washington for a June 5 luncheon meeting with the California Congressional delegation at which the Rostvold Report was presented in a fancy forty-five page booklet. At the same time the task force concerned itself with making the state's Washington representatives familiar with the names of the aircraft and weapons systems for which California industries hold the major contracts. Forty separate projects were listed. The point was made, at least by implication, that a change in the strategic "mix" at any particular time could have a disastrous effect upon any one of these lucrative awards.

When he hears such talk, Rostvold—a mild mannered academician—bristles. He wants the California position to be based entirely upon what's good for national defense. Any other appeals are "emotional" and "irrational." You should emphasize these things primarily, he told the chamber's task force:

¶ California is a natural location for test centers—clear weather all year round, uninhabited desert and mountain areas, access to the Pacific missile-testing range.

¶ California's past pioneering efforts in research and development should be stressed in explaining present awards of major contracts.

¶ We have a pool of skilled and scientific manpower that wants to remain here because of the joys of living in Southern California.

"It is insanity to talk about balancing defense against unemployment," Rostvold told me. "There are many precedents for government spending in other areas—schools, highways, etc. Money that would be wasted by transferring plants to labor-surplus regions could be better used in projects that return greater social gains. I'm afraid what we *all* need (Californians and New Yorkers) is a reorientation of our basic values."

MR. ROSTVOLD would seem to have put his finger on an important national issue. Administration spokesmen too have complained about the extent to which parochial regional economic interests bring pressure in Congress to influence national security policies. Surely no one would argue that California or New York was entitled to put temporary prosperity on a higher plane than the larger questions of war or peace. But it may be asked also whether the administration is taking the lead in clearly defining national priorities. Fostering the impression that a balanced budget is as important as a balanced defense does not help reorient the goals of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

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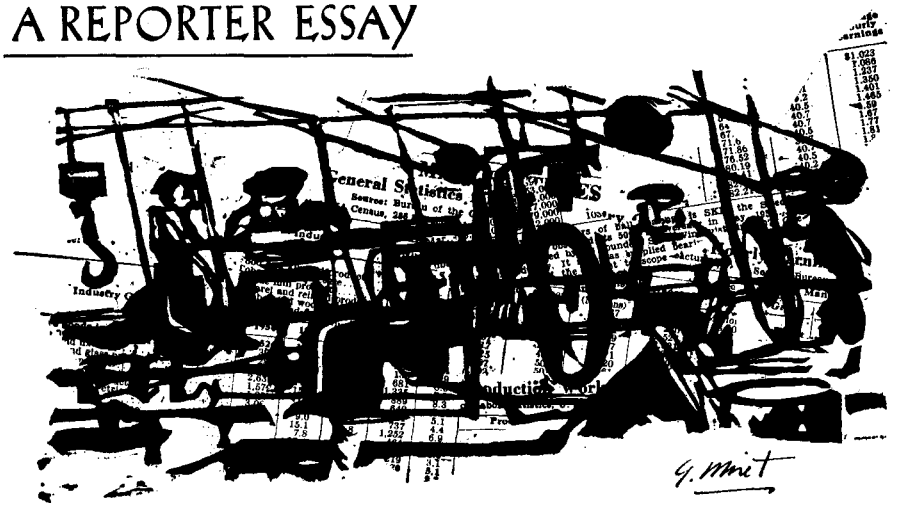
A REPORTER ESSAY



THE FUTURE IN AMERICA:

I. The Price of Growth

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

THE SPECTACULAR growth of American production has been with us for so long that we tend to take it for granted. But when we compare the over-all totals of thirty years ago and today, it is not merely the quantitative change that is of importance. The drive into abundance is a historic force which, if fully realized, bids fair to change the very nature of social organization as radically, and very likely as disconcertingly, as the equally revolutionary ascent from the static agricultural world to that of the industrial process.

There is no doubt that an environment of great abundance would represent the achievement of an age-old dream of mankind. As our society is presently constituted, it is also a prospect that raises as many questions and that poses as many difficulties for our future as did the immense prospects of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for the societies in which those dreams also became realities.

The Prevalence of Optimism

The distant vista of a Society of Wealth, the nearer prospect of a society of upper-middle-class status—these projections are only idle speculations unless we can provide some assurance that the momentum of the past will continue undiminished into the future. Is this assurance justified? What are the prospects for the continuing growth of the American economic system?

Nothing is more astonishing than to contrast the general outlook on this question today with that of only twenty years ago. Then the central concern of some of the most influential economists was whether capitalism had not already come to the end of its historic era of rapid expansion, and was not perforce turning to a new stage of "mature"—i.e., static or more slowly expanding—existence.

Today an extraordinary change of mind marks economic thought. The idea of stagnation is one that rarely if ever makes its appearance in the technical journals; the fear of a prospective exhaustion of the capitalist dynamic is confined to a fringe of dissenting opinion. There is no better indication of the general line of thought about the prospects for growth than the results of a symposium conducted by the Committee for Economic Development, a highly regarded business research organization.

In 1957 the C.E.D. asked fifty economic authorities, not all of whom were American, what each considered "the most important economic problem to be faced by the United States in the next twenty years." The answers covered a wide variety of topics, from international relations to urban decay. Many papers concerned themselves with the inflationary consequences of growth, and a lesser number with the uses or misuses to which growth might be put. But not a single paper raised as its central problem the possible failure of the economy to grow.

This is certainly a reassuring change of views. But it is also a sufficiently important one to warrant asking on what the prevalence of optimism is founded.

In part it clearly rests on a reawakened awareness of the process of growth itself. The spectacle of the newer nations of the world caught up in the problems and frustrations of initial development has aroused in us a belated appreciation both of the momentum of our own history and of capitalism as a growth-producing system. Thus when the C.E.D. itself surveys the course of American economic history, it concludes that growth has proceeded essentially out of the kind of society we were, and that therefore, "unless the society changes in some radical fashion, the trend of growth can reasonably be expected to go on. For the main forces responsible for the past growth are still operating."

BUT IT IS not only a resuscitated faith in the past that is responsible for today's optimistic consensus. There is also a vast sense of reassurance stemming from the extraordinary performance of the American economy since the Second World War. Gloomy forecasts to the contrary, the economy did not collapse with the end of war, but instead displayed one of the most remarkable surges of expansion we have ever witnessed. This has led economists to search for the factors which had somehow been "overlooked," and which could be expected to provide an expansionary impetus for the future.

These have not been difficult to find. One is the huge increase in the systematic search for new products and processes by which growth is constantly restimulated. Over the last ten years alone, expenditures on organized research and development have grown from $2.6 to $13 billion, and the trend is still sharply upward. A second obvious factor is the rise in

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birth rates—the baby boom which promises us, by 1975, a population some thirty per cent larger than today. A third is the growth potential in such industries as air conditioning, electronics, automation, air transport, and, notably, in the approaching conquest of space. Yet another reason for the sanguine outlook is the widespread managerial awareness of the very fact of growth itself, and the long-range planning that increasingly guides the policy decisions of our main industrial firms. And not least is the knowledge that no democratic government can long remain in office if it permits a depression to "run its course."

The Great Boom

This is a fairly impressive body of evidence and testimony. And yet the question must be asked whether it is impressive enough. For amid the general celebration of the prospects for continued growth, something very much akin to the faith of the early classical economists in the "inevitability" of progress has come to pervade the atmosphere. There has been a change from the skeptical—no doubt too skeptical—attitude of the late 1930's and mid-1940's to a state of mind that now seems reluctant to probe for anything that might throw a damper on the prevailing enthusiasm.

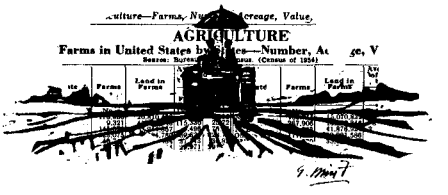
Thus we find, for example, that a central aspect of our growth experience of the past two decades is one that few spokesmen for the future discuss candidly. This is the fact that our great boom did not begin until the onset of the Second World War, and that its continuance since then has consistently been tied to a military rather than to a purely civilian economic demand.

This chapter of economic history scarcely needs elaborate documentation. We endured the year 1939 with nine and a half million unemployed men and women—one person in every six out of the working force. Over the previous ten years our net per capita growth had been zero, and as a matter of fact in 1939 we had not yet quite regained the peak of 1929 output. Thereafter, under the impact of war expenditure our economy grew with fabulous speed. From 1940 to 1945 output rose by more than fifty per cent in real terms. There ensued the momentary shudder of reconversion, to be followed by the even more impressive "peacetime" boom of 1945 to the present. But this boom was emphatically not a return to prewar conditions of normal growth. The economy had indeed been radically changed.

In the first place, it emerged from the war years with the largest reserve of liquid purchasing power ever accumulated in our history. Personal savings, which had averaged some $3 billion or $4 billion a year prior to the war, had aggregated to $150 billion during the war years, and this mass of deferred purchasing power now flowed from open sluice gates to impart an immense impetus to industry.

At the same time, the contribution of the military budget did not decline permanently. Following the war our major national-security expenditures fell abruptly—although still averaging $17 billion a year in the low period of 1947 to 1950. But with the Korean War, they again climbed to $44 billion annually, or half their Second World War peak. In all, from 1947 to 1957, our major security expenditures (which does not include veterans' payments) totaled more than $325 billion, or more than the total of all private expenditures for plant and equipment—a sizable fraction of which was also undertaken in direct response to defense needs.

Hence it is impossible to credit the huge growth of the last twenty years just to the "forces" that were operative within the American econ-



omy in the past. Furthermore, a review of those forces is in itself none too reassuring an augury of steady expansion in the future. For many of the factors that can be cited today as promising our continued growth can also be discovered in the not too happy past. Thus in 1920 we enjoyed a birth rate which, even though declining, was as high as that of the later postwar baby boom: in fact, between 1920 and 1930 our population grew from 106 million to 123 million—a rate quite comparable to what we foresee today. In addition, the "growth industries" of today can be impressively matched with those of the 1920's: aircraft, household appliances, chemicals, aluminum, motion pictures, radio, to mention but a few. Meanwhile during the decade of the 1920's, motor-vehicle output rose by three hundred per cent and gasoline consumption by four hundred per cent—a harbinger of what was then the coming Age of Mass Transport. And so far as our current managerial outlook can be said to provide the assurance of an expanding economy, we must not forget a similar attitude of mind in the predepression age. Indeed, it is fair to say that in the 1920's a degree of optimism never again attained marked the general business tone.

There are, to be sure, very important elements in our contemporary picture that were not present in the 1920's—the most important, of course, being the new role of the government. But the similarity between the *private* sectors, then and now, is enough to make one hesitant to base our growth prospects solely on the "main forces" operating within the free-enterprise system.

Arms and the Economy

Thus behind the general optimism that surrounds our outlook there is concealed a troublesome question: What would happen to our growth prospects in the absence of a core of military outlays?

For the moment such a question may be largely academic. Given the tension between the Soviets and ourselves and the technological nature of modern war, there is a strong likelihood that our core of military expenditures will grow. According to many experts, our defense purchases, which now absorb about a tenth of our total national output, may have to take as much as a seventh within the next decade.

Thus, insofar as our prevailing optimism is based, tacitly or explicitly, on a rising base of defense outlays, it is well justified in taking growth for granted. Yet this "solution" to the growth problem forces us to confront two unpleasant alternatives. The first is the prospect of an *indefinite* expansion of military

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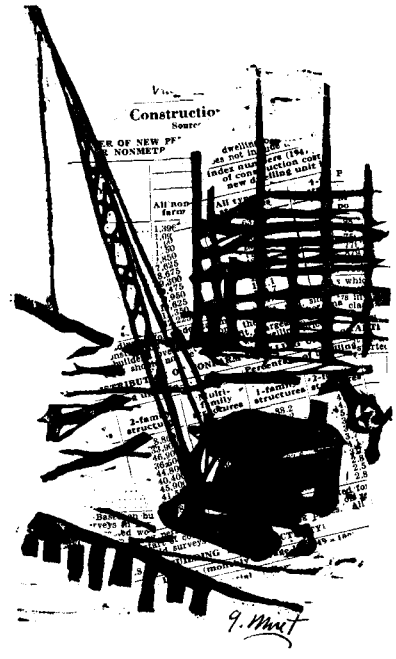
spending. No one wants or expects such a military "solution" to the growth problem—not only because of its frightening social overtones but also because of the inflationary pressures that are very likely to flow from a growing sector of nonconsumable output. Hence the fact that our growth may be spurred for a number of years ahead by an entering military wedge is generally assumed to be an interim condition. Sooner or later, it is believed, the military budget will be stabilized. A new level of military capabilities will have been achieved; and thereafter, although it may have to be maintained and renewed, it will not continue to expand.

This may well be the case. But once this stage of military stability is reached—hopefully within the coming decade—we must face the second alternative. This is a return to a reliance on privately originated growth. For after the military wedge ceases to force its way into the economic system, the expansion of that system again devolves upon the impetus of the "main forces" of private investment. Hence we return to the question: What if those forces fail?

THE QUESTION is not meant to raise the specter of a depression of the order of the 1930's. The causes for the extent and severity of the Great Depression—the flimsiness of our banking and corporate structures, the suicidal selfishness of our foreign economic policy, the tragic misconception of the role of our government in combating an economic reversal—these fearful elements of our 1930's ordeal have largely been removed.

But the instability that produced the Great Depression—and, before it, a whole history of cyclical depressions—is another matter. There is no sign that this endemic weakness has been removed. On the contrary, there is every evidence that our growth is still subject to severe and possibly protracted intermissions. We have already suffered a "traditional" setback of growth in the recession of 1957-1958, when expenditures for plant and equipment in the manufacturing sector fell from $16 billion to about $11.5 billion. This was enough to boost unemployment from under three million to over five million. And yet we were fortunate. Had the construction industry also declined, as has been the frequent case in past recessions, the impact of the 1957-1958 recession could have been much more severe. Unemployment might then have risen above seven million, and we would have



faced an initial economic shock at least as severe as that of 1929.

And there are signs of weakness in addition to our actual record of investment instability. For a whole year *before* the downturn in mid-1957, our growth in per capita living standards had been nil; our "growing" economy was doing no more than keeping abreast of a growing population, rather than forging ahead of it. In other words, our rate of "normal" investment was by no means enough to advance our actual conditions of life. Meanwhile, the recession itself has highlighted still another historic source of economic vulnerability. This is the threat of technological unemployment, now exacerbated by the alarming technical possibilities of automation. In early 1959 our rate of industrial production had regained its previous level of output—but it was turning out the same flow of goods with some 750,000 fewer employees.

The Public Sector

Thus even during a period of heavy military expenditure, the "main forces" proved on occasion to be inadequate to give us a steady strong forward momentum. But we need not labor the point. The staunchest believers in the strength of the main forces would admit that the risk of their recurrent failure is substantial. But, they would argue, this does not mean that the economy must decline, or even stagnate. It is possible for government expenditure to step into the breach—if need be, through deficit financing. Growth can be maintained, even if at a somewhat slower pace, by using the tools of anti-recession policy.

Undoubtedly this is true. But the facile answer of "compensatory government spending" does not usually take into consideration the magnitudes of spending that may be involved. For as our economy grows, the annual investments needed to keep it growing also rise. Today, with a $480-billion economy, we must make yearly additions of some $30 to $35 billion to plant and equipment to keep moving ahead at our modest pace. By 1980, if our economy has grown at the rate anticipated by the most optimistic predictors, our total output will be in the range of $900 billion. By then our annual required addition of new plant and equipment will be in the neighborhood of $50 to $60 billion, in today's dollar values. Now let us imagine a drop of some thirty per cent in this expenditure, as occurred in 1957, and we see that the amount of necessary compensatory spending on the part of government—over and above its normal budget—would be an extra $15 to $20 billion a year. Imagine then the by no means improbable coincidence that construction activity dropped simultaneously with plant and equipment expenditures. In such an eventuality the necessary additional government injections could rise to $30 to $40 billion a year. Let us keep in the back of our minds the possibility of a really major investment drop—one comparable to that of 1937 or to the first stages of the Great Depression—and a compensatory public contribution of the order of $50 to $75 billion a year might be needed.

In comparison with our past experience in government spending, these are vast sums, and no one would be surprised if Congress faltered before such spending. It would

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undoubtedly seek to hold the dike with much smaller sums which, if they would not cure, would at least palliate the situation. Or it might seek to reduce the scale of intervention by adopting policies that discouraged individual and corporate savings (and their necessary counterpart, investment), trying to make a high-consumption or high-leisure economy.

But there is a price to be paid in both instances. A minimum program of "relief" might prevent serious social unrest—but it would not suffice to bring about renewed expansion. In the same fashion, a high-consumption economy might well offer an excellent solution to the problem of instability, but it would also entail the abandonment of growth as an overriding economic objective. Investment may be the prime source of instability for our economy, but it is also the means by which growth is achieved. Hence, if a rapid and continuing rise in our standard of living is to remain our main economic objective, we must have a high level of investment. And as an inescapable consequence, we must also be prepared to step in with a high level of compensatory spending if ever and whenever that investment fails.

To Plan or Not to Plan

We are now in a better position to judge the prospects for our continued growth in the absence of an expanding military sector. For we can see that the central question is not only whether private investment will provide the necessary momentum. This is essentially an unanswerable question. It may be that private investment will give us all the impetus we need and that growth will materialize apace. But there is at least the grave risk that growth will not live up to expectations or desires. In that case, our continued expansion will hinge on our willingness to enlarge the boundaries of public spending far beyond what we now envisage as its "normal" extent.

This is a matter to which we have as yet paid little serious public attention. But if we have been able to avoid facing up to the delicate issue of a large planned public sector in our economy, it is in large degree because we already have such a sector which we conveniently fail to recognize as such. This sector is, of course, our $45-billion core of military expenditure.

However, the fact that we already possess a large military public sector does not yet dispose of the difficulties of developing a *nonmilitary* one. Heretofore we have only stressed the importance of our present military program in accelerating our forward momentum. Now we must call attention to a second but no less indispensable function. This is the provision of channels through which large amounts of public funds can be spent without trespassing on the traditional areas of private activity.

For in many respects the defense sector is an "ideal" economic source of stimulation. Not only does much of its procurement reach down into the very heart of the nation's capital-goods industries, such as aircraft, shipbuilding, steel, construction work, etc., but the goods that the defense effort brings forth in no way compete with or intrude upon the normal economy. The business of supplying military needs is business that would otherwise simply not exist. It is entirely extraneous to the demands of a civil economy and to the economic activity that would fulfill those demands.

Thus by providing us with two immiscible economies—one public-military and one private-civilian—the defense sector enables us to gain the full benefits of a powerful government planning operation without actually confronting the problems of a true "mixed" economy. But in the absence of a large defense sector, the stimulation of the economy takes on additional complications. For now the prospect arises that this stimulation, on a scale and with a directness of impact needed to start up the stalled motors of growth, would very likely encroach upon the limits of private activity. For example, the repair

and renewal of America's decaying cities and the co-ordinated attack on its river-valley development are two obvious candidates for massive public expenditure. But spending for these purposes, in contrast to that in the military sphere, would inevitably invade the reserved "territories" of private enterprise. One has only to think of the opposition of the power companies to the present modest proposals for valley development, or the dogged resistance of real-estate interests against every large urban-renewal plan, to imagine the opposition that would be called forth by a "socialistic" $50-billion program in these fields.

Much the same difficulties would be likely to greet another possible use of public funds—their employment for a greatly expanded foreign-aid program. Whether the American people would stand for tens or even scores of billions of dollars' worth of American goods being "given away" annually is in itself a debatable point. But in any event, the public purchase of so sizable a fraction of American production would very likely again call forth the specter of "socialism."

THERE IS, of course, reason for this fear. One cannot plan large government expenditures—not even, as we now do, for defense purposes—without diminishing to some extent the hegemony of private enterprise. From this point of view, the movement into overt planning would unquestionably confirm the fact that our movement into covert planning conceals—that we are gradually shifting ever further away from laissez-faire capitalism into a new structure of economic responsibilities.

Actually this is very far from saying that the need for planning portends the radical transformation of American capitalism. As in Europe, the key features of capitalism are not apt to be much changed. The profit motive and the market mechanism would certainly remain at the heart of the economy. If private enterprise remains buoyant—and this is the very purpose of planning—the government sector will very likely comprise little more than the twenty to twenty-five per cent of the economy it does now. Although its activities will be more openly "civilian,"

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more "socialistic," the aim of this limited planning will not be to undermine the surrounding main body of capitalism but to preserve it.

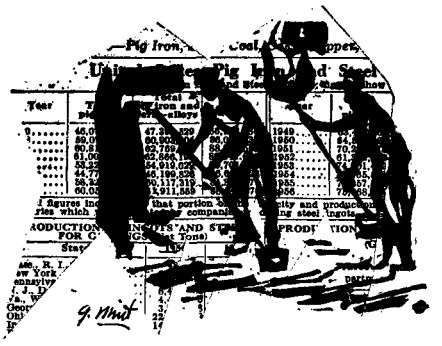
What gives weight to this conclusion is a highly significant difference between the planning into which American capitalism has already drifted and that which is more openly displayed in so much of Europe. This is the fact that in America, with negligibly few exceptions, the aspirations of the masses are identified with the prevailing order. There is here, as abroad, a pressure from below for more egalitarian income distribution, broader welfare benefits, etc. But in America, in contrast with Europe, these demands are all conceived and sought within the framework of the social system as it now exists. Socialism as an ideal is virtually nonexistent in America. Hence planning, as a social instrument, would tend to have a stabilizing rather than a disturbing aim.

This is not, however, the way it is apt to appear to many sections of the community. It can be predicted with considerable assurance that business will fiercely resist the emergence of an overt public-investment sector—particularly if it is planned on a scale commensurate with the expenditures it may be forced to make. And many other social groups that have been indoctrinated with the belief that the public control of economic activity leads inevitably to the collectivization of other forms of life will add their opposition to that of the industrial leaders.

The Soviet Challenge

Nonetheless there is a second source of pressure that promises to urge us powerfully in the direction of a publicly controlled economy. This is our competition with the Soviet Union.

Our recent awakening to Soviet technological and scientific parity with ourselves has come as a dramatic shock. But over the longer-term future, it is likely to be far less influential than our gradual awareness of the diminishing gap between Soviet economic achievements and our own. Between 1947 and 1957, the economy of the Soviet Union grew approximately twice as fast as ours; during our subsequent recession it grew three times as fast. We are still far ahead of the Soviets in



actual output; but if our economy had failed to emerge from its recession, it would have been "overtaken"—at least in terms of global figures—in less than fifteen years.

This is truly a formidable challenge to the American economic system. Hence we find a growing determination to match the Soviet rate of growth—or at least to improve our own. When Khrushchev in November, 1958, announced the new Seven-Year Plan under which Russian output was scheduled to rise by eighty per cent, there was a clamor of American voices for us to boost our sights accordingly. To continue our then laggard economic pace, said Allen Dulles, was "virtually to commit economic suicide."

Whether an attempt to "catch up" with the Soviet rate of growth constitutes an adequate answer to their historic challenge is a question the advocates of more rapid expansion rarely ask. But meanwhile there is a more immediate problem which they also regularly fail to take into account. This is the fact that from 1950 to 1957 our economic capacities were engaged to the hilt. Unemployment was at rock bottom. Prices were steadily working upwards. Black and gray markets were in evidence in many basic commodities.

In short, our postwar growth rate was very likely the best attainable under the conditions of a free market. Of course that rate could have been improved, and it could be surpassed in the future. But then we could not allow considerations of profitability to be the sole criterion of economic effort. In order to grow as fast as the Russians, we—like they—would have to defer the production of cars to release steel for the construction of blast furnaces and machine tools. We would have to forgo apartment houses and office buildings in order to move construction equipment to dam sites. We would have to pare down the national catalogue of goods to the dimensions of a functional rather than a fashionable selection. In this manner we could indeed match and perhaps surpass the Russian productive effort. But it would be at the price of adopting a very large measure of economic planning ourselves.

As THIS MAKES CLEAR, the trend to planning is not a scheme being foisted upon us by "socialist" thinkers. On the contrary, it is a defensive response of our society to the changed environment of history with which it must contend. Essentially we are pushed in the direction of planning because there is no other way of assuring growth in the advent of a halt in private investment; and essentially we must grow because stagnation is a more dangerous threat to the prestige and power of capitalism than its partial "socialization." At bottom it is not ideology that forces us into a new economic structure; it is self-preservation. Hard necessities of technology, of public morale, of international competition relentlessly point the way.

For a time, however, we can postpone, minimize, even deny this historic trend. As long as our defense expenditures continue to provide a channel for the constant stimulation of vital industries, and as long as those expenditures continue to grow, we can enjoy the benefits of a planned public sector while ignoring its existence. But unless our military budget is to rise indefinitely, sooner or later the issue must be faced. Then we shall have to recognize that without preparation for public investment on a hitherto undreamed-of scale, the maintenance of our progress is likely to be fatally endangered.

Thus the meaningful alternatives that the future holds are not those of plan or no plan. The real questions are what *kind* of plan, what *direction* of growth will best promote our chances for survival while preserving the values of an open society. It is on the answers to these questions, not on a dogmatic refusal to consider them, that our social destiny will turn.

(The conclusion of Mr. Heilbroner's essay will appear in the next issue.)

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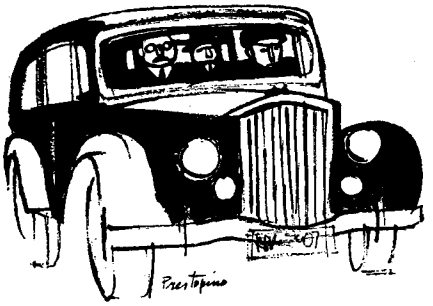

Can Journalism Be Taught?

ALFRED FRIENDLY

OF ALL ACADEMICIANS, the journalism professors are the most defensive breed, for the good reason that they are most constantly under attack. The attack is basic: Why should there be any journalism professors—or journalism schools—at all? Their classic response is that since journalism is a profession, its practice requires professional skills. Inasmuch as those skills can be learned, it follows that they can be taught. Therefore there is need for journalism schools to teach them.

The difficulty with this syllogism, which seems to me uninteresting and painfully treading on its own heels, lies in its basic premise. Is journalism a profession? For that matter, what is a profession, anyway? Surely the vocation of mayor, poet, or President is no less professional than that of journalist. Yet no good universities would dream of trying to teach a man how to be mayor, poet, or President. Why, then, should so many of them cheerfully set about teaching their students how to be journalists?

Most journalism educators duck responding to this question and, shrewdly, choose to shift to a different defensive line. They point out, accurately, that it is unfair to group bad journalism schools with good ones and then damn them all with fine impartiality. They point out that it is the bad schools, with incompetent teachers and absurd vocational courses, that give journalism schools a bad name. They assert, also with justice, that many of their courses which by title would seem to be narrowly vocational are in truth as broad and—as befits a university—as universal as those offered by any other department on the campus. Thus, a course in the history of American journalism can be an excellent device for looking at our national past—indeed, a better device than most, since it is focused sagely and upon a singularly consequential piece of subject matter. If it were taught by the department of history or political science, no one would dream of taking exception to it.

To the basic charge that they are too vocational in subject matter, that they teach craft techniques like those in the catalogue of a school of accounting or television repair, the journalism educators' response comes in two parts. The first is that a journalism major is allowed to spend only a minor part of his time on journalism subjects, and that only a portion of these have vocational content. The second is that that portion which is admittedly "how to" in content is necessary for the future newspaperman if he is to ply his trade (or profession).

The best of the journalism-school administrators set a goal of twenty-five per cent journalism courses to seventy-five per cent liberal arts, humanities, and social and natural sciences. The most recent study, however, shows that among even the most highly esteemed journalism schools the average is one-third journalism courses, two-thirds arts and sciences. Among the lower-ranking schools the ratio is even higher. So much for the first part of the answer.

As for the second part, the more basic question arises whether *any* "how to" courses are desirable for the future newspaperman. If the one-third to two-thirds ratio is too high, why is the one-fourth to three-fourths right? Should it be one-tenth to nine-tenths? Or should it be even less?

It is at this point that my disagreement with the journalism schools lies, for I rate the value—and even the possible teachability—of the "how to" courses much lower than they do.

WALTER LIPPMANN said in his seventieth-birthday address at the National Press Club last fall: "After all, there is nothing to teach at a school of journalism. What a journalist needs is an education." The epigram is beguiling, but without going into its merits we must conclude that as a practical matter the journalism schools—or some of the more than a hundred of them that exist in this country today—are here to stay. The best we can do is look toward their improvement. The journalist does indeed need an education; if journalism schools exist and will persist, the problem is how they can best provide that education.

They should teach the budding newspaperman, it seems to me, on the same principles that a department of political science teaches the young man who intends to enter the political or governmental life of his community, as the English department teaches the student who wants to be a writer, as the history department teaches the man who himself wants to teach history, as the whole university teaches the lad who plans to proceed to professional training in the law. I wish it would not teach as the department of home economics teaches the future dietitian.

This is to say that the journalism school ought primarily to insist that the budding journalist get as broad and universal an education in the arts and sciences as time permits; and secondarily, that it should give him a good dose of courses specifically concerned with the history and principles of the institution of which he

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is to be a part. That is, he should be exposed to courses on the history of the press, its responsibility and ethics, the social impact of modern communications, the role of public opinion, the Constitutional and legal background of the free press. He should be made to examine its operations, its success and failures, its glory and its shame, in the society in which it functions.

Only thirdly, and to a much smaller degree than that on which the journalism professors now insist, should the would-be reporter be saddled with "how to" instruction. It is essential, of course, that he have the skill of writing. If the university's courses in English composition are inadequate, then the journalism department must supplement them. The student must be made to write, write, write. But beyond that, need he be burdened with craft training?

Need he, in short, have a special kit of vocational tools? Must he have some arcane skills, some techniques finely chiseled to produce his particular output? The answer is "No."

What's So Special?

The good newspaperman needs a certain frame of mind; he must love to inquire and to tell what he learns. But this frame of mind is not unique, nor does it derive from instruction in craft techniques.

His tools, like his knowledge of subject matter, are not special to the journalist. Good newspaper writing is simply good writing. Good newspaper presentation is simply good presentation.

Classes in newspaper reporting, in news writing, in copyreading—the core courses that the journalism schools defend to the last professor—seem to me wasteful of a student's time. They are contrived specializations where no specialty exists. If they replace courses in English composition, or courses in other disciplines that require students to select, weigh, evaluate, and organize their material, they are acceptable only insofar as they are better taught and more challenging. All that can be said of them is that, being more general, they are less wasteful than courses on how to write editorials, magazine pieces, and book, art, and movie reviews.

There are, to be sure, many knacks and tricks and even elementals of copyreading, headline writing, reporting, and editing; and there is a vast lore of newspaper knowledge. But for a truly educated man, with native talent with words and thoughts, with experience in handling the mother tongue, with a lucid mind honed by practice in intellectual exercise so that he can marshal his thoughts, these knacks and tricks and elementals are quickly taught—or, more probably, absorbed. The process is accomplished best on a good newspaper. Most journalism educators deny this. But they have yet to point out just which skills they teach that are either special to the craft or nonabsorbable in a few months under a good city editor or desk chief.

In insisting on concentrating on those "fundamentals," the journalism academicians seem to me to be debauching their own aspirations for professionalism. Fine reporting, news writing, and editing may in fact require superprofessional abilities, wisdom, and experience; but the techniques they entail—and the techniques taught in journalism schools—are not professional in nature, as a doctor's, a lawyer's, or an architect's techniques are professional. The newspaper techniques, insofar as there are any special ones, are craft techniques. The teaching of a craft, no matter how competently, does not magically transform it into a profession.

Convenience par Excellence

In fairness to the journalism schools, it must be pointed out that even if they wanted to abandon the "how to" courses, they would not be permitted to do so. For obvious political reasons, they are dependent for existence on the good will of the newspapers and other communications media in their area. And these organizations, at least the small and middle-sized ones, demand that the schools concentrate on the "how to" courses. What the newspapers want are graduates who can fall to at once as reporters or copyreaders, and on the first day at work write a passable news account, mark a piece of copy with sufficient intelligibility to direct a printer to the right font of type, and frame a series of words that will fit as a headline in the prescribed one-, two-, or three-column space.

The papers making those demands on the journalism schools are doing themselves a disservice, gaining short-term convenience but refusing the gamble for long-term excellence in a better-educated—which is to say more broadly educated—employee.

Some twenty years ago, the smaller papers were the trainers of newspapermen in the craft aspects of their work. You started on a small paper if you wanted to learn the trade. Today for the most part it is only some of the larger papers that make an attempt, systematic or otherwise, at decent craft training. As the majority of American papers refuse to accept the training task and demand instead the "qualified" graduate for beginning work, they force on the journalism schools a task that I believe they have not done very well in the past, and to which at any rate they devote a ridiculously elongated period of time, with consequent waste and downgrading of each graduate's potential for education while in the university.

Authors or Bookbinders?

Something is most certainly wrong with the way the journalism schools have taught in the past.

A recent study of Washington newspaper correspondents included a question on what their college major had been and whether now, at this successful stage in their careers, they were satisfied with their choice. Of 258 who answered the question, the largest single group, eighty-two, had majored in journalism. Of these, only thirty-six, or forty-four per cent, expressed themselves as satisfied with the choice they made. Of the rest of the correspondents, anywhere from a low of sixty-four to a high of eighty-six per cent said they were satisfied with having picked majors in English, political science, history, or economics.

The complaint to be made against the journalism schools is double-barreled, on grounds of the quality of teaching in the past and the subjects taught. But quality can be and surely will be improved. The affliction need not be permanent and is being remedied. Where a more rad-

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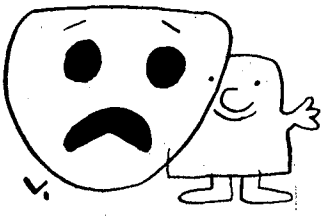
ical approach is needed, and what is the heart of the problem, is the balance in the curriculum. If newspapering is indeed a profession or is to become one, its preparation demands not training for dexterity but the learning on which wisdom can be built. It demands adult and civilized college courses; it demands the approach of a university that intends to educate future authors, not future bookbinders.

FOR ALL this criticism, let it be acknowledged that without the journalism schools, several essential functions would lapse. Journalism research and the pressure toward higher press standards are a couple of them. But most important of all, the journalism schools do recruit, and hold to their course, a great many young men and women who become journalists. There are today too few of these candidates: entirely too many young people of quality turn away from the calling; the press is not enlisting in number and excellence the recruits to which its high role entitles it. It would obtain even fewer without the journalism schools. Somehow, they catch a good number of youngsters interested in press careers, maintain the enthusiasm of many of them, and graduate them into a noble endeavor. «»

Strangers at Breakfast

GORE VIDAL

THE FIRST SCENE of Mr. Peter Shaffer's *Five Finger Exercise* is as depressing a bit of playwriting as one will ever encounter, even in the British theater where cozy domesticity and blandness enjoy much the same esteem as the queen, and for much the same reason. The family trots on stage at breakfast (plays and novels by inexperienced writers almost always start in the morning; I give that small insight to the graduate schools to do with as they will). And what a family Mr. Shaffer has sketched with his bold crayon! Father has made himself a small fortune manufacturing ugly furniture (I thought some of it was in use in their own house, but apparently the pieces on view during the evening are meant to be awfully good; I'm not sure whether this is Mr. Shaffer's irony or the set designer's irony at Mr. Shaffer's expense). The father has a genial contempt for culture and fine manners, a geniality that tends to turn ugly if pressed. Mum is a culture snob, trying to get above her station both intellectually and socially; she uses French phrases, misquotations, and generally behaves as though she might at any moment have to depend almost entirely upon the kindness of strangers. The son talks and talks and talks in the current British manner for the young. After two centuries of reticence the British male has finally found his tongue, and I doubt if he will ever stop talking again. I suppose that when he was Out There building an empire and solemnly mismanaging the affairs of lesser breeds, it was a good idea for him to speak only in strangled monosyllables, on the very wise assumption that if he talked freely he might betray ignorance and lack of sympathy. But now that the Raj has flown and the banners have been furled (who among us will forget John Osborne's threnody in *Look Back in Anger* to the last trooping of the colors Out There?), the British male, restricted to a small island, has suddenly, with a roar of relief, discarded the phlegmatic image (as the advertisers say) of two centuries and turned into a chattering, rather happy fellow (oh, there are Things wrong, but once you talk about them it helps, doesn't it?). And in a few years' time I am sure he will even be able to burst into song without provocation, becoming the Neapolitan of the North Sea. Meanwhile, he is just very, very articulate.



Mr. Shaffer's boy is a more engaging sort than one usually meets in the current English theater. He is just starting at Cambridge. He has a little fantasy life with his mother in which she is the empress of Russia (Catherine, I think) and he is a Cossack admirer. For a moment in the first scene I experienced a sudden evil hope that that incest drama writers have been alluding to more and more openly might at long last explode upon the audience, with mother and son at the end going off together to find a new life without Dad. But Mr. Shaffer, happily, is up to other things, which I shall come to in a moment. To complete this family of stereotypes, there is the young girl who speaks with outrageous sophistication and wit and aplomb but is really nice and a virgin and a decent girl. Apparently the late Mr. F. Hugh Herbert did not break the mold when he departed this life; she belongs to us all now.

THE NARRATIVE is as simple as the characterizations. A German tutor is engaged for the young girl. He is a youth of great innocence, a Teutonic Billy Budd, cast among selfish domestic mariners. The mother, the son, the daughter each in turn is attracted to him. Each wants him for his own. He declines to give himself exclusively to any one of them, partly through policy, partly through plain inadequacy in dealing with such bald hungers. The mother tousles his hair on a sofa; the son sees her; the son gets drunk and tells the father, making the matter worse in the telling. The mother tries to go beyond maternal hair tousling only to find the tutor has indeed been drawn to her in a filial, not a sexual, way. The mother becomes an enemy. Charges and countercharges are made. The tutor is fired and the father threatens to have him deported to hated Germany. The tutor attempts suicide and fails, and the curtain falls with everyone a bit more alive than at the beginning.

Yet out of this unpromising material Mr. Shaffer has made a very good play, and it is interesting to speculate on how he managed it. What makes this flat little tale work is, I think, the implicit comment that is made on the family. The

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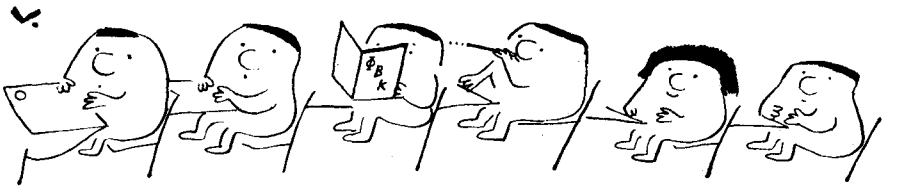
family is shown here as an impossible sterile fact of society; four strangers with nothing in common forced by ties of blood (and economy) to share the same house. We know that at the first opportunity each will detach from the other: the daughter into marriage, the son into homosexuality, the mother into her own dream world (hers is the tragedy, for she is truly useless and knows it), the father into his work and the dim companionship of his peers. Though Mr. Shaffer makes nothing of it, I could not help but feel that this was the first anti-family play since Strindberg. I mean "anti" in the sense that there is no alternative to the unhappy family except non-family.

Though Mr. Shaffer has not perhaps recognized his theme, it is a great one, and he is to be congratulated for having, if only by implication, dramatized it. For he suggests, and I think it a fact (which will of course be much disputed, as facts usually are), that the family in the West is finished. The family as we know it has evolved over the millennia, from the tribes of pre-history, and its origin was primarily economic. Yet once a woman can support herself in society and bring up her children by herself if she has to, and once there are sufficient jobs, scholarships, and economic opportunities for the young, then the patriarchal system is at an end; the odd group of strangers that make up every family no longer have any reason to live together, to suffer from one another's jagged edges.

But the human race is nothing if not reactionary in its tribal codes, and we do our best to create as much guilt and confusion as we can in those who transgress ancient law.

AT SOME POINT reality must intrude. In all highly organized urban civilizations, past and present, the family has disintegrated, and instead of crying that this is decadence, society might be wiser to reconsider the actual needs of human beings, to realize that there is a profound difference between the city dweller of Rome in A.D. 200 or New York City in 1960 and the ignorant tribesman in Judea or Thessaly whose economic needs and religious superstitions we still pretend to judge ourselves by.



Questionnaire

GEORGE STEINER

SCIENTISTS tell us that if the laws of probability and statistics work (and they must, for otherwise the entire structure of rational thought would collapse), there are numerous other solar systems capable of sustaining life in forms comparable or superior to our own. There are a million galaxies within reach of our telescopes. Statistical calculations suggest that within the relatively restricted part of the universe which we can observe there may be at least a hundred million planets on which life can exist.

The next step is to assume that the inhabitants of some of these planets have reached stages of evolu-

tion far beyond our own. Given a vast number of units, the laws of probability assure us that a good number must lie higher than ourselves along the curve of comparison. If these beings in outer space are further along than we, the chances are that some of them have been trying to span the great abyss of space by means of long-range signals. Until now, our ability to receive or interpret such signals was totally inadequate. But this is no longer so. William L. Laurence, the science pundit of the New York *Times*, assures us that "the sensitivity of receivers of faint radio signals from outer space has improved at such a rapid pace during the past few years, and particularly during the last year, that the way has at last been opened to what may well turn out to be the most spectacular and far-reaching development in man's history—communication with faraway worlds in outer space."

The attempt is to be made. Early in 1960, the new National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, West Virginia, will point its reflector antenna at two stars, Tau Ceti and Epsilon Eridani. Both are, in certain respects, comparable to our sun and may have planetary systems on which conditions not entirely dissimilar to our own prevail. The scientists of Project Ozma believe that their equipment is good enough to select from other noises any regular or rationalized signal. Getting answers will be a tricky business and, because of the distance in light-years to even the nearest star, it may take a dozen years.

WE SHALL BE in the position of a seventeenth-century mariner putting a letter in a bottle and throwing it overboard in some uncharted sea. But such letters are known to have reached their destination. What shall we write in ours? One of the wizards of Ozma tells us. If contact can be established, he proposes to ask our correspondents in outer space the following questions:

¶ Do they know a way to prevent cancer and heart disease?

¶ Are they able to prolong life?

¶ Are they able to harness the energy of the fusion process in the hydrogen bomb for industrial purposes?

¶ Have they managed to build a society in which there is peace and where each individual enjoys a full physical and spiritual life?

It is a fascinating list—fascinating because it reflects so much of that

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unique mixture of arrogance and naïveté which characterizes the contemporary scientific mind.

First, the arrogance. Clearly, we are assuming that our own wretched and brutish condition has a cosmic validity, that such concepts as cancer and heart disease and hydrogen bombs will mean something to our distant neighbors. Why should they? It takes a vast accumulation of folly and shortsightedness to create the kind of hysterical, overpopulated, undernourished world in which we now live and in which such diseases are chronic. And why should other beings ever have unleashed over themselves the monstrous threat of radiation or nuclear explosion? I imagine that on deciphering this questionnaire, the gentlemen of Tau Ceti or Epsilon Eridani will promptly break off further communication with any species as afflicted and confused as ours.

Secondly, the naïveté of the questions. Behind each lies the cherished assumption that there are certain total answers to the main problems of our tragic condition. Most of modern science works on that assumption, but in fact it is mere superstition. Take the cases in point. Do we have any reason to suppose that cancer is an ordinary ailment for which there is some specific cure? Could it not be that it is an excess of vitality, a kind of explosion of organic energies for which the human body, in its present state of evolution, is not yet prepared? "Cancer?" our stellar correspondents may ask. "Why do they want to cure it? This very ability to grow new cells is what carried us forward from our former evolutionary stage." To whom did apes complain when some of them noticed that their arms were growing shorter and that they had to begin walking on two legs?

As to prolonging life: surely that is a handicap we can do without. Even to ask the question may strike our distant listeners as proof of a deep failure of understanding and imagination. If they are further evolved than we, they will doubtless have discovered the inestimable benefits of silence and repose.

But it is the final query that bothers one most. Having failed, after three millennia of war and inhumanity, to find a way of living in peace with each other or of establishing a rational society, we turn to the stars, as did the astrologers. Do scientists really believe that there is somewhere a blueprint or set of formulas whereby to order and ennoble man's estate? Do they really think that it is possible to legislate happiness and achieve a full spiritual life by dint of proper organization? The notion is as old as the myth of the lost Atlantis, and as naïve. Very likely those who would receive our inquiry on this point would make no sense of it at all. If, on the other hand, they did send us back some stellar version of Plato's *Republic,* I would suspect that they were no further along than we and would promptly invite them into the United Nations.

And what would I ask via the reflector antenna? Nothing at all. I should transmit a recording of Bach's B-minor Mass and read into the screen some of the letters written by hostages on the eve of their execution before Nazi firing squads. Then I would simply wait and hear what *they* have to say.

MOVIES

Stone Snoof

JAY JACOBS

The hazards besetting the movie reviewer in the pursuit of his daily pap are many and varied. As a case in point, I'd like to devote this space to a brief excursion into autobiography. Ordinarily, my personal affairs would have little or no place in the review of a film, but an attenuated travelogue called *Behind the Great Wall* and its attendant publicity have so inextricably woven themselves into the tangled skein of my existence that my domestic tranquillity and physical well-being have been affected and my critical faculties impaired.

A week or so before the picture (which claims the dubious distinction of being the first ever to reproduce odors as well as sights and sounds) opened, I received a heavily perfumed letter of invitation to a special screening intended to acquaint the press with the splendors of what its inventors call "Aroma-Rama," the process whereby the odors are reproduced.

As I was inhaling the letter, my wife happened along and, wrinkling her nose slightly, asked what it was. With a half-formed notion of surprising her on the appointed day by treating her to the *vernissage* of what (I was assured by its press agents) was to be a historical event, I hastily shoved the letter into a hip pocket, while muttering an evasive "Oh, nothing." This, as I realized almost before the words had passed my lips, was a serious tactical error, but before I could do anything to rectify it, I was invited to avail myself of some fresh air and told not to bother about coming back until I had "turned blue."

Having learned, to the considerable peril of my wonted serenity, that there is little point in trying to reason with my spouse at these mercifully rare moments, I sloped out the door—which was slammed and bolted behind me—without delaying even long enough to augment my customary indoor attire (shirtsleeves and chino trousers). The day was a decidedly bleak one, and, while I didn't take as long as might be imagined to reach the prescribed hue, I was exposed to the elements in a state of relative nudity long enough for some fell virus or other to do its dirty work.

By the time the day of the screening rolled around, I was more or less resigned to the notion that my cold (which was in no way alleviated by a continuing frostiness on my wife's part) would eventually prove fatal. I was determined, however, to die with my bifocals on. Having first eaten three or four cloves of garlic (highly efficacious, I'd read somewhere, for the relief of

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blockages in the nasal passages) and larded myself with enough Vicks Vap-O-Rub to give me the appearance of those Channel swimmers one sees in blurred radiophotographs, I set out, alone, for the theater, with hope in my heart and what felt like a quantity of steamed flannel in my head, gasping like a trout out of water.

Outdoors, in the crisp early-December air, the garlic and the Vicks seemed to be having some effect, but once I was in the theater, my head again felt hermetically sealed, and I discovered, while the rest of the audience applauded what I gathered (auricularly) was the unmistakable aroma of an orange being sliced on screen, that I was stone snoof.*

The inability to discern the perfumes and effluvia of this world is not, I soon found, an unmixed curse. *Behind the Great Wall* wasn't ten minutes old before a gentleman seated in front of me rose, his eyes streaming and a handkerchief clapped to his muzzle, and fled the premises, having discovered, apparently, after what had probably been forty-odd years of blissful ignorance, that he was allergic to the synthetically reproduced aroma of opium. Allergies, however, can hardly be blamed for the gradual but steady departure of most of the people within a ten-foot radius of my seat, and I can only conclude that some flaw (imperceptible to me in my snoofness) in the olfactory equivalent of acoustics in that part of the theater was driving them away.

Behind the Great Wall, most of which was photographed in Red China, is a handsome enough piece of work, and the narration, despite a fair share of the clichés endemic in the travel documentary, is somewhat more digestible than is usual in jobs of this sort. As I think I've amply demonstrated by now, the audio-visual aspects of the film are the only ones I'm presently physically qualified to report on, and, wary as I am of the claims of blurb writers, in this case I'll have to take their word for it that the picture smells.

*"Snoof," according to the AromaRama people, is an archaic adjective meaning "devoid of, or deficient in, the sense of smell." I was unable to find it in any of the four dictionaries I consulted, but use it for want of anything better.

RECORD NOTES

SONGS OF ROBERT BURNS, sung by Ewan MacColl. (*Folkways, $5.95.*)

THE COWBOY: HIS SONGS, BALLADS & BRAG TALK, sung by Harry Jackson. (*Folkways, $11.90; two records.*)

THE FOLK BLUES OF JOHN LEE HOOKER. (*Riverside, $4.98.*)

Aside from their generally predictable melodies, most current "popular" songs are equally enervating in the limitation of their content to the irritations and unrequited fantasies of thumb-sucking adolescents. It is a relief by contrast to hear other songs of popular origin, past and present, that are obviously based on adult experience.

In each of these three collections, the music and imagery are indigenous to particular regions; but uniting the three is the fact that the sounds are alive with the sights, smell, touch, and taste of reality and all three singers, while at ease in their respective traditions, are boldly individual. *The Songs of Robert Burns* includes both traditional Scottish airs whose words were slightly altered by the poet and entirely new sets of lyrics to old popular songs. The material, sung with gusto, humor, and rhythmic flexibility by Ewan MacColl, is unbowdlerized. There is considerable celebration of passion and drink, although there are several second thoughts by unmarried mothers. MacColl, who shades his voice with uncommon skill to suit the feeling expressed by each tune, can be exceedingly tender in a lyrical song of loss and can blare like a trombone in the proud, unaccompanied avowal, *I Have a Wife o' My Ain,* which ends with this stanza:

"I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody,
Naebody cares for me,
I care for naebody."

A parallel in *The Cowboy: His Songs, Ballads & Brag Talk* is a song called "Cowboy Jack":

"They say I drinks whisky,
My money's my own,
And them that don't like me
Can leave me alone."

THE SECOND Folkways product is an unusually comprehensive collection. The singing by Harry Jackson projects an authenticity of sound and feeling that would make this boxed two-volume set an apt companion for the various picture compendiums of the Old West that have been published in recent years. Jackson, at thirty-five, is a painter who has been a cowboy and learned his songs from veteran riders.

What makes Jackson's performance remarkable is that although he has no accompaniment throughout the thirty-one songs, he never becomes monotonous. Changing timbre according to the role of the cowboy in each number, he sounds wholly alone, singing to lift his courage, in the riding songs; and he is unconquerably exuberant in the daily roper's song into which he breaks with whoops like giant hiccups. Jackson moves just as naturally through the long, sad ballads of death on the plains as he does in the tales of broncos that couldn't be busted. One, "The Strawberry Roan," finally rid himself of his tormentor in as decisive a way as can be found in folklore:

"Then he turns inside out and he
swallows his hide,
And that was the end, boys, of my
ten-dollar ride."

Like the Scottish songs of Burns, these cowboy tunes—some with melodies and themes that can be traced back to Britain—come right out of daily experience, and they go all the way from a woman leaving her husband to the monologue of a cranky range cook:

"Now I ain't no chef like old
Delmonico,
But I savvies the mixing of old
sour dough,
I sorts all the big rock right out
of the beans,
And I don't wipe the frying pans
off on my jeans."

Folkways includes a closely printed twenty-four-page booklet that contains a long introductory essay on the backgrounds of cowboy song by Kenneth Goldstein, one of the most conscientious producers of folk albums; a glossary of cowboy slang;

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and the sources and part of the music of all the songs.

The Folk Blues of John Lee Hooker is partly a record of Hooker's own life. He was born in Mississippi and was a wanderer for many years until he became a fairly successful rhythm-and-blues performer. In this album he returns to the basic blues, accompanied only by his guitar, which becomes a second voice underlining sections of the song and adding rueful or angry comments.

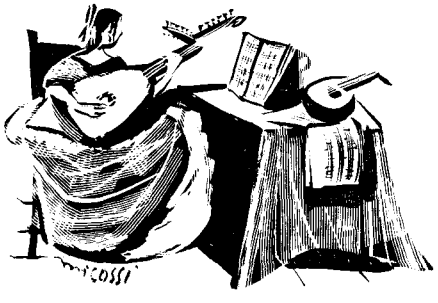
In a low, husky voice, Hooker sings of the losing love that Robert Burns knew, too ("She's Long, She's Tall, She Weeps like a Willow Tree"). Like the cowboys, he tells of disasters, as in "Tupelo Blues," in which he talks the blues about the flood that destroyed Tupelo, Mississippi, and then moves briefly into the wordless moaning that goes back to the field calls of slavery. There are work and train songs, songs about going to prison and about being there. "Water Boy," not the familiar "concert" number, is from the chain gangs and is painful in its evocation of aching work, watching guards, and pitiless sun.

The collection begins with "Black Snake," a menacing song of sexual rivalry and irrevocable hatred. It ends with a relative rarity in Negro blues, a song about the exhausting sameness of farm work. "Behind the Plow" is played with an inexorable rhythm of weariness that makes the scene extraordinarily vivid.

In Hooker's world, unlike that of "Make Believe Ballroom," most of the men have little time or patience for unrequited love:

"Come be my baby, I'll buy you a diamond ring,
Come be my baby, I'll buy you a diamond ring,
You don't be my baby, I ain't gonna buy you a doggone thing."

—NAT HENTOFF



BOOKS

Libido Is a Latin Word

F. W. DUPEE

THE SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS. Translated, with an Introduction, by William Arrowsmith. *University of Michigan Press. $3.95.*

Thanks to the press of an exemplary state university, *The Satyricon* circulates freely in a candid translation at moderate cost. Mr. Arrowsmith is explicit where former translators recoiled prudently into the original Latin or into a coy sort of English double talk. He also tries to foster, by his choice of an idiom, the "illusion," as he calls it in his introduction, "of contemporaneity." The medium is not his own medium as a writer but, as he explains, is composed of a selection from current American speech and literary prose. Thus it is a frankly experimental, not to say artificial, idiom and in practice it has the limitations you might expect from such a creation. Expressions such as "cheap bastard," "for kicks," "just peanuts," and "running around like crazy" appear frequently, and they seem not to consort well either with each other or with the passages of more standard prose.

With that, however, I reach the end of my complaints. The Latin, now racy, now formal, charged with sudden ironies, tending to parody, and strewn with poems in various meters and styles, has been a problem to translators at all periods. Mr. Arrowsmith renders the poems exceedingly well; each is a true *tour de force*. And if his prose tends to sound artificial in the very act of trying to sound natural, it has great advantages over the fake Elizabethanese of J. M. Mitchell, author of a popular rendering of *The Satyricon* in the old "Broadway Translations" series. Based, moreover, on the latest editions of a much abused and amended text, the Arrowsmith rendering is trustworthy, clear, easy to follow, and, as I said, explicit. Here, then, is the inflammatory *Satyricon* in a form that all may read. The democratization of culture and the liberation of sex could probably go no further.

For the book belongs, of course, to literary culture as well as to that interesting department of writing called "erotica." Mr. T. S. Eliot's complaint in the erotica-loving 1920's, that *The Satyricon* seemed to be the one work of classical literature universally known to modern readers, no longer applies. The combined efforts of the Great Books advocates and our intrepid poet-scholar-translators have restored much of classical literature to the schoolroom and the bookshelf. A consciousness of ancient myth and drama now broods over current literature and criticism and sometimes appears to haunt them. If Arrowsmith's *Satyricon* follows in *Lolita's* wake, it also forms an item in a series of "Classics in Translation" issued by the same university press and led off by the morally impeccable Hesiod. A modern rendering of *The Satyricon* was in order and has been needed. Long a prize puzzle to scholars and a mighty challenge to moralists, the book has also been an inspiration to writers from Voltaire and Flaubert to Gide, Joyce, Fitzgerald, and Eliot himself. A passage from *The Satyricon*, about the caged sybil who wants only to die, forms the motto of Eliot's *Waste Land*, and both works are filled with the shapes of impotence and death. Yet the differences between the two are, to say the least, striking. The one is as implacably tragic and Christian as the other is implacably comic and pagan.

Nothing, however, can really be said about the work's meanings until some account has been given of the mysteries and problems that have accumulated around the text. Like its hero, the luckless but indomitable Encolpius, *The Satyricon* has had a fugitive career in time and space, coming down to us in a sadly mutilated form, and with no fully accredited author or date of composition

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to lend it historical respectability. When, where, and by whom was this improbable farrago of sex and sensibility conceived? What went on in the infinitely receding distances of a story that seems to begin, as it certainly ends, in the air? What, for that matter, went on during those lapses of continuity—grimly called lacunae by scholars—that are always making the scene go dark in the surviving sections? Was the book ever really completed or did the author's creative purpose, like the amorous purpose of Encolpius himself, flag at the climactic moment? Whatever its original form was, why are there no known allusions to *The Satyricon* among ancient writings?

QUESTIONS of date and authorship are settled with one stroke if one accepts, as many classicists including Mr. Arrowsmith now do, the tradition that Petronius Arbiter, Nero's sometime courtier and ultimate victim, wrote *The Satyricon* during the latter half of the first century A.D. A distinguished modern scholar, Mr. Gilbert Highet, goes on to claim that *The Satyricon* was composed by Petronius with the idea of treating Nero to a vicarious slumming trip through the lower depths and outer fringes of Roman society. Others tend to doubt—on principle, since facts are lacking—that a book of this highly original character could be written by any mere courtier of this world, ancient or modern. Besides, the evidence of contemporary writings suggests that Nero was not shy about slumming on his own.

The novelty of *The Satyricon* is generally acknowledged by classicists even while they struggle to supply the book with a prominent author and to fit it into one or another of the established genres of Roman literature. The author's originality, and his consciousness of it, appear in the uncommon energy of his language, the boldness of his comic inventions, and the uncompromising thought implicit in his story. Using the first person, itself a rare practice in classical narrative, he makes it pay off in his feats of characterization and specialized speech. The traditional device of mistaken or disguised identities here takes on new dimensions.

Encolpius, the narrator, has a number of roles but is thrown among people who mostly play their own roles more successfully than he plays his. A knight among rich and powerful freedmen, a poor tutor among established teachers of rhetoric, a part-time con man among more skilled practitioners of the game, a lover among unscrupulous libertines, he is above all a mere man living among the shadows and memories of the more heroic males of epic and romance. Like Odysseus, he has offended deity and been obliged to suffer for it through long wanderings. But the deity Encolpius offended is not any Olympian, only the half-serious lust god Priapus; and Encolpius' sufferings consist in his being set upon—most unheroically—by lustful females and eunuchs, doused with aphrodisiacs, shaved of his hair, fitted out in women's wigs, tumbled in fishponds.

In short, Encolpius seems to embody one of those backhanded tributes to common humanity which—as in the case of Mr. Bloom of *Ulysses*—are ridden with ironic contradictions. On the one hand Encolpius is only what Mr. Arrowsmith says his name implies, "the Crotch," a poor, bare, forked animal. On the other hand he is gallant, charming, idealistic, and indomitable: our own man, however absurd.

Encolpius' adventures generally involve sexual experiences of the most flagrant kind. The Latin word *"libido,"* which occurs in the text, is more than a life force animating all the characters. It suggests a live wire with which they have all come into galvanizing contact. They enter on sexual relations as readily as we shake hands with an acquaintance. As no one is reproved except out of jealousy, so there are no innocents and no common "norms" to govern the choice of a sexual partner. In the gay unformulated pragmatism of this world anything goes if it works; one takes one's "love object" where one finds it, in persons of either sex or any age. And it is no dream, no projection of the unconscious such as gives a basis in psychological realism to modern fantasy. What happens in *The Satyricon* happens in the clearest of Mediterranean lights to people who may be, as it were, electrified, but who are wide awake and in their right minds.

MR. ARROWSMITH theorizes about all this promiscuity in a way which may make the book more acceptable to modern readers but which seems to me to distort its meaning, besides receiving no support that I can discover from the text. As in *Lolita,* he says, we here view the world's disorder through the eyes of a still more disordered individual, through "the prejudiced eyes of a first-person pederast" (Encolpius); "in this way the mocker is mocked in return, his pretensions exposed in his own rhetorical passion, and his cool raffish eye clouded by what he cannot see; his own absurdity." But isn't Encolpius absurd, as I have suggested, because he is human and not because of his love affairs alone? How, moreover, does his pederasty differ from that of the other characters? And how does his "rhetorical passion" differ from the rhetorical passion indulged in by most of them in one way or another?

All eyes are prejudiced here. The divorce between sensibility and actuality is a constant theme of the book. In particular, a comic exaltation of sexual actuality unites with the ironic exaltation of common humanity in Encolpius and others. All this makes *The Satyricon* at once relevant and irrelevant to an age like ours—an age divided at the top between philosophical sensualists and philosophical ascetics, Lawrences and Eliots, all of them intent on rationalizing, pro or con, something that in itself resists such efforts, namely sex.

To the low-minded sensualist, the book makes its appeal solely through the frankness of its sexual scenes. But these are rarely idyllic, and even then they are subject to rude interruptions. Orgies become roughhouses, dealing out pain and humiliation, though of a slapstick kind. Expurgate these images rather thoroughly and you have the hurly-burly of an early Chaplin film. In the author's unrelenting comic view, sex is as supremely funny as it is ineradicably human.

"Wholesome" is Mr. Arrowsmith's oddly chosen word for *The Satyricon's* impact on the ethical constitution of readers. He claims that it is not only "moral," in the jargon of our time, but positively good for you. And in an odd way, he may be right.

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A Field Guide to PR

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE IMAGE MERCHANTS, by Irwin Ross. *Doubleday. $4.*

One of the valuable conventions of our culture allows important people to stress the need for improvement in public morals without having to reflect on the possible application of their advice to themselves. Were it not for this convention, we would be deprived of much valuable guidance. Some months ago, it enabled *Time* magazine to attack rigged quiz shows while carrying the same shows on company stations. Then at the approximate peak of Mr. Van Doren's misfortunes and shortly after he had been drummed out of his employments, gainful and otherwise, Mr. David Sarnoff was able to tell a dinner audience in New York, according to a report in the New York *Times*, that the younger generation should be taught "the fundamental truth that under the turbulence of change there is a bedrock of unchanging values." General Sarnoff, in his capacity as the ultimate boss of the National Broadcasting Company, was not required to reflect on the considerable absence of such education on his network in recent times or on the malleable nature of the bedrock under the Messrs. Barry and Enright, for whom, in some old-fashioned sense, he was responsible.

This same convention is indispensable in the public-relations business, as Mr. Ross shows in this interesting book. Debate goes on constantly between two great schools of thought, so to speak; namely, those who say a businessman or firm that advocates a highly moral course of action should try to live by its own advice, and those who think it sufficient and less taxing merely to advocate high-minded behavior. The same choice taxes the public-relations firms themselves whenever they consider their own conduct, as some are evidently impelled to do.

THE MORAL CODE, as solemnly proclaimed by the industry, is nearly as pure as the White Rock girl:

"We will keep our objectives in full accord with the public welfare as well as the interests of our clients or employers.

"We will be guided in all our activities by the standards of accuracy, truth and good taste.

"We will cooperate with fellow practitioners in curbing malpractice."

Plain or fancy falsehood on behalf of a client, the setting up of bogus front organizations which the public assumes to be independent to argue the case of the client, the mounting of major assaults on the

public health or welfare, or the connivance in these practices—are all clearly excluded by these rules. A few years ago a Federal court ruled that the firm of Carl Byoir & Associates had violated the anti-trust laws while carrying on a campaign on behalf of the Eastern railroads against the truckers. Mr. Ross lists the great variety of seemingly independent organizations, including even the Pennsylvania Grange, that were used by Byoir to disseminate anti-truck propaganda. An office planning memorandum, the "accuracy, truth and good taste" of which fussy people might question, expressed the "desire of the account to utilize existing radio and television vehicles to portray truckers as evil, sinister wrong-doers." However, under the convention that rules are to be proclaimed rather than enforced, there has been no formal censure or regret over any of this.

According to Mr. Ross, there has been some informal headshaking. This may have been occasioned by the subsequent legal misadventure, for the Federal court ruling was affirmed by the U.S. Court of Appeals in Philadelphia on December 10, 1959. But everyone admires the excellent work of Hill and Knowlton (with Byoir one of the two largest public-relations firms) on behalf of the tobacco industry. This has included the establishment of the Tobacco Industry Research Council, heavily loaded with respectable names, which has enabled the industry, as Mr. Ross observes, to "point with pride to its sense of public responsibility, and whenever a new report comes out damning cigarettes, it is able to rush into print with the reminder that the full scientific facts are not yet known."

The Tobacco Industry Research Council would seem to have many of the more prominent features of a front. Were it otherwise, it wouldn't be the brain child of a PR firm. Serious, competent, and impartial scientific research of the kind that we have always taken seriously has now established that heavy cigarette smoking is a cause of lung cancer as the word "cause" has been used for some centuries. The effort to discredit conclusions accepted by the public-health authorities of the United States, the United Kingdom, the American Cancer Society, and innumerable medical authorities is not in "full accord with the public welfare," nor does it suggest that the firm is "guided in all . . . activities by the standards of accuracy, truth and good taste." Like the tobacco companies, it is guided by what will make money. But according to Mr. Ross, "In the PR fraternity, the firm is credited with brilliant inspiration in rescuing the cigarette industry from the most damaging assault it has ever sustained." That this may have been at some inconvenience to those who have since been killed by lung cancer is not said.

IT MAY NOT BE too much to imagine, however, that we are on the verge of a revolt against all of this bogus claptrap. People may not be

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MAO TSE-TUNG AND I WERE BEGGARS

by Siao-yu

"The childhood of a giant in public life is always a fascinating subject. Dr. Siao-yu . . . has written a book about his old school-chum, Mao Tse-tung . . . a unique and valuable glimpse into the early life of Red China's dictator."
NEWSWEEK—NOV. 16

When did the West 'lose' China?

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Siao-yu, whose close friendship with Mao faded after the birth of the Chinese Communist Party, held many posts with the Kuomintang Government and is now Director of the Sino-International Library, located in Montevideo since Swiss recognition of Red China.

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easily angered by the effort to bamboozle or defraud them, and we seem to have mastered the minor hurdles of conscience that used to protect the truth. (One gathers that modern religion has now succeeded in fully reconciling commercial mendacity with what was formerly called God's truth.) But clearly there is a growing impatience with the insult to intelligence that is implicit in what we are being asked to believe. And this is coupled with a major miscalculation by the public-relations priesthood. What people at large think of the case of the Pennsylvania Railroad as against the truckers or their public image of Hughes Tool is not terribly important. Impressions are shallow and transient, for the very good reason that the average citizen has other and more important things on his mind. But the opinions of a few hundred or perhaps a few thousand journalists, teachers, preachers, public-spirited lawyers, civil servants, and amateur and professional politicians can be of considerable importance. These men and women make it their business to know and to tell others. They are the people most likely to be put off by propaganda which is based on the assumption that they are morons. Not only are they alerted by anything that looks like a public-relations ploy, but even the need for a public-relations firm is an elementary cause for suspicion. It seems to be assumed in the trade that it doesn't matter if these people know about the monkey business. In fact, it is their knowledge that makes it so often self-defeating, and hopefully is making it increasingly so. Ross's book will serve as a good guide to suspicion and, one imagines, will render nugatory some fairly sizable sums in public-relations outlays.

HE NOTES, incidentally, some preliminary consequences of suspicion. The public-relations craftsmen with the most prestige are those who counsel their clients to tell the truth and to conform to their pretensions. This is the adorned truth, to be sure, and the conformance is rather rough. But—the figure of speech is unexpectedly apt—it could be a straw in the wind.

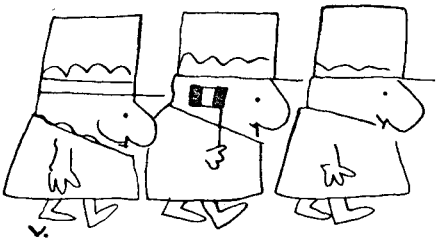
'A Bas la République!'

MAX BELOFF

THREE AGAINST THE THIRD REPUBLIC, by Michael Curtis. *Princeton University Press. $6.*

France, living under its fifth Republic and its nineteenth constitution since 1789, continues to be the western world's political exhibit No. 1. Since ideas have mattered more in France than elsewhere, since clarity of expression is expected of politicians in a country where politics and letters are so closely allied, it is natural to turn to France for the most cogent expressions, not only of the dominant theme in modern western statecraft—liberal democracy—but also of its minor themes: anti-rationalism, anti-intellectualism, the mystique of dictatorship, the mysteries of blood and soil. Professor Curtis has directed his attention to the latter in this study of Georges Sorel, Maurice Barrès, and Charles Maurras—three men studied in their capacity as opponents of the Third Republic in its most spacious years, between 1885 and 1914.

And what a good subject for reflection these men provide—or might provide in more skillful hands! Barrès, with his curious ambivalence between the cultivation of aesthetic sensibility on a highly individual-



istic plane and his devotion to the political arena to which he had little to contribute; Sorel, neglected by the working class in whom he put his trust, an intellectual who spent his energies in repudiating intellectualism, and yet the forerunner (if unconsciously so) of much that was given life in action in the next generation, so that Hitler, Mussolini, and even Lenin all have something of Sorel, whether as moralist, apostle of force, or mythmaker; and finally Maurras, the prophet of nationalism, living on in a mad, deaf half-world of his own, eventually to end up rightly branded as a collaborator in infamy with France's hereditary foe—there is surely something to be learned from seeing what these men thought and felt, and how it is that their devotion to generous ideals turned into weapons against what they themselves most admired. Studies in hatred, perhaps. For hatreds were what gave edge to their controversy, whether hatred of the republic and its politicians with their easy ways, or of the ideologues of the eighteenth century whose values founded this republic, or of Maurras' four confederated states: the Masons, the Protestants, the Jews, and the *métèques* (aliens)—the anti-France of their imaginings.

OR TAKE the events: the Boulanger and Dreyfus crises with which the period opens, the great clash over Church and State, the syndicalist challenge and its repulse, the bourgeoisification of French Socialism, and the exposure of the internationalist pretensions of the Second International. Not only are these events and the others of the period intrinsically absorbing for anyone who cares for the stuff of politics; they also come to us as reflected in so much acid controversy and intimate revelation, embedded in so rich a literature, that to make these dead bones come alive little more is needed than the ability to tell a story.

But such simplicities are not for Professor Curtis. On the contrary, having found his subject and discovered, no doubt early on, that although Barrès and Maurras make something of a Plutarchian pair, Sorel is, save for a brief period, acting and writing in quite a different context, Professor Curtis made the disastrous decision to treat not the critics but the alleged weaknesses of the Third Republic as the guiding thread of his study. One can visualize him following the precepts of academic research as implanted in thousands of graduate seminars,

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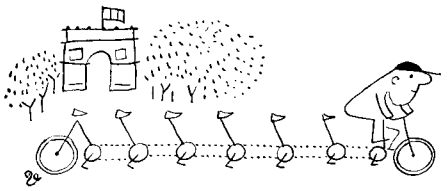
writing out his little slips and stowing them away in little boxes, so that he can compose out of them such chapters as "Attack on Democracy," "Attack on the Revolution,"



"Attack on Decadence" and so on. This artificiality of arrangement is not compensated for by any gift for the use of the English language.

NEVERTHELESS, Professor Curtis has clearly plowed through the vast body of writing which these determined scribblers left behind them; and since none of us are likely to do it for ourselves, we ought to be grateful for the material that has been dug up in the process. It is now clearer than it has been before what was in fact the dilemma which Barrès, and to a still greater degree Maurras, faced and failed to solve. It is the dilemma of reaction in all countries where the bourgeois revolution has taken place; it is not so different from the dilemma of so-called "American conservatism." If there has been a break with tradition, how can a logical policy be based on the preservation of a traditional order? If the nation is to be strong and independent and given decisive leadership, how can this be done without centralization of authority—and then what becomes of decentralization as a guarantee of the traditional beliefs and ways that are more secure in the provinces than in the ferment of the metropolis? Insofar as Barrès and Maurras grappled with these questions, it was by trying to rewrite history to suit their thesis; Maurras' conception of the *ancien régime* in particular bore hardly any resemblance to the professional historian's.

Sorel did better in the short run, because he could openly espouse social divisions and indeed exult in them, whereas the conservative thinkers had to envisage the desirability of social unity. The irrational was indeed to come into its own in European politics; but its main vehicle was not to be, as Sorel hoped, the organized working class. A proletarian will exalt proletarian virtues, or let intellectuals do it for him, only so long as he has no chance of becoming a bourgeois. Since Sorel's economics and sociology were almost as weak as those of his right-wing fellow critics, it is not surprising that events have outstripped all three. There is a surprising lot of the Third Republic about the Fifth.

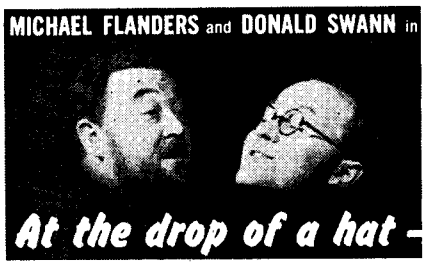
Lindbergh's Two Lives

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE HERO: CHARLES A. LINDBERGH AND THE AMERICAN DREAM, by Kenneth S. Davis. *Doubleday. $4.95.*

This admirably careful and thoughtful account of Lindbergh's life ends by producing the curious impression that it need not have been written. Everything that Lindbergh has done is set down in due chronological sequence; each period of his life is linked to the next; an entirely serious attempt is made to give form and meaning to the whole. ". . . the man himself, as his public record shows," writes Mr. Davis in his preface, "is amazingly symptomatic of certain dominant moods in recent Western culture, and his life describes a remarkably pure symbolic curve across the turbulence of our times. He should be approached, I've thought, in a mood at once dispassionate and compassionate. . . ." Such an approach to the biography of a hero sounds right. Certainly it is a generous approach. It has, however, disturbing consequences.

When a man has a shining hour of achievement, that hour, except when it turns out to be a rendezvous with death, is of course followed by other hours. That the hero's achievement is prepared by what goes before it is undeniable. But to say that everything that follows the achievement is necessarily



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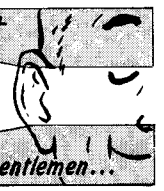

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linked to it (the "pure symbolic curve" theory) is true only in a superficial, accidental sense. The hero's story must be the story of two lives, not of one. Each of these lives may be of absorbing interest—in Lindbergh's case they certainly are—but to merge them, through no matter what logical process, brings about a certain loss of balance. The heroic achievement is made subordinate to later events, and in the end it is lost sight of entirely, becoming nothing more than a mathematical symbol attached to the hero's subsequent life, multiplying to the *n*th power and distorting all that he thinks, says, or does. Thus Mr. Davis's book accurately reflects what the public did to Lindbergh. As one reads it, little by little the flight to Paris turns into something that Lindbergh accomplished in an ever-receding past; little by little what is made to seem of primary importance are Lindbergh's subsequent thoughts on politics, his attitude toward America's participation in the Second World War, and his private life.

And so here again—it is disheartening to have to mention it—is Flemington, a long chapter on Flemington. What purpose can possibly be served by recalling such misery? Here again is a long, detailed debate on the extent of Lindbergh's sympathies with the Nazi régime. To what degree was he serving our intelligence? What were his errors of appraisal? What was he doing with the Cliveden Set? Why did he admire Chamberlain? Here is his work on the heart machine, together with an almost comic estimate of Dr. Alexis Carrel as a sinister influence on Lindbergh's thinking. Here is the odd fellowship of the America First Committee, the accusation of anti-Semitism. Here is Lindbergh's capture by the capitalists and his lobbying for the aviation industry. Here is his wife's book *The Wave of the Future*—did she influence him or did he influence her?—but no mention of her verse. Mr. Davis is a fair man, and so here is also the account of Lindbergh's active and dangerous service during the war.

It is obvious that there were in those days other kidnapers, other murderers, other intelligence agents, other Nazi sympathizers, other America Firsters, and that the climate of

an America which now seems to us remote, and hysterical to a degree, is a fine subject for history. All sorts of monographs on participants, all manner of general surveys, could have been and have been profitably written. In the general surveys Lindbergh's activities must indeed be mentioned and assessed. But it is clear, too, that historical balance is not served by making him the central figure of the times. It is not fair—compassionate and equitable as the author shows himself to be—that all the tormented argument of the period should be seen as situated in Lindbergh's soul, and his soul then weighed in judgment. Once again, this is precisely what the public did as it measured the hero in his post-flight years, and, once again, there is no way of avoiding this grave error unless the hero is disassociated from the controversial figure he later became. If this could be done—of course it cannot be done—we would see Lindbergh as perhaps he wanted to be in those prewar days, a figure indistinguishable from the rest of us in the crowd, a worried man searching out what was best for his country, a man without a name.

We can at least imagine him as such and—dismissing that period of turmoil, anger, and error as it affected Lindbergh just as we have dismissed it from ourselves—return to the vivifying memory of the hero, established once and for all in the darkness of the flying field at Le Bourget. But here again a distinction must be made: it was not the flight itself that we remember, or the courage alone of the man who made it. The fact in the record book would not be enough to make a lasting memory. It is (*aere perennius*) the fact bound forever to all that prepared it, forever disassociated from everything that followed it, recorded in the finality of art, that will hold Lindbergh in men's hearts. It is in Lindbergh's own book, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, that the enduring memory is established.

The Haitian Pantheon

HERBERT GOLD

VOODOO, by Alfred Métraux. *Oxford University Press. $6.50.*

This study by a European anthropologist is the best I have read on the much-maligned Voodoo religion, which was created by a relatively modern accident of fate and found a home in the troubled little Caribbean Republic of Haiti. Métraux is a writer with excellent gifts of curiosity and expressiveness; and because of the larger implications of the practice of Voodoo, his book is for more than the sensation seekers, the specialists, and old Haiti buffs.

Haitian Voodoo bears some relation to the superstitions of Harlem and New Orleans and the Voodoo of certain French colonies and communities in South America, but it is the specific product of Haiti, whose African slaves produced a successful revolution against Napoleon. (Haiti provides the only instance of Negro slaves winning their freedom by force of arms; the Haitian state has now existed for more than 150 years.) Haitian Voodoo is *not* black magic, designed to do good to oneself and evil to one's enemies, although *magie noire* also exists in Haiti, just as magical practices exist side by side with Christianity in other societies. Voodoo is a religious rather than a purely magical enterprise, created in a spirit of rebellious adaptation to the impact of French Catholicism upon the African re-

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ligions carried by the slaves to the Antilles. Like other religions, it provides a structure of beliefs that can explain the mysteries of life and death; it offers rituals of thanksgiving and consolation, sanction for such social acts as marriage, and a sense of communion with others.

In its double origin, Voodoo parallels Islam's ability to adapt Christian and Jewish elements to native needs. Grande Erzulie, the goddess of fertility, is represented by an ikon of the Virgin. She has some of the characteristics of the Virgin, including an abstractly forgiving nature and a mothering love, but she also expresses a vigorous erotic nature. In other words, she suits Haitian needs. Papa Legba, the Guardian of the Crossroads and of Journeys, is usually represented by a picture of St. Christopher; and by a mysterious instance of cross-cultural infiltration, in the isolated town of Port-de-Paix I once found Damballah Ouedo, the great snake god, represented by a photograph, clipped from *Life* magazine, of Harold Stassen.

BECAUSE Voodoo depends entirely on oral tradition, there is considerable variation in the practice of its ritual and the content of belief. The Voodoo pantheon is stretchable; there are *loa* or minor gods who descend from pirates or the heroes of Haitian history. Animal sacrifice, usually of chickens or goats and occasionally, in very important ceremonies, of bulls, is still a part of the ritual, but this does not imply human sacrifice any more than the taking of the Host does. However, direct action—in this case, wringing a chicken's neck and letting its blood fountain out—has a more immediate effect on participants than conventional and stylized European religious gestures. Possession by the gods has an important place in Voodoo ceremonies. When the *loa* descends into your body, you become him (or her); it is said that you are the god's horse, and you speak with the god's voice. Still, the relation of communicant to god is one of both respect and amiable give-and-take. A communicant may even argue with the god who seeks entry into his body. "No, no, I'm too tired, I was your horse last time, I

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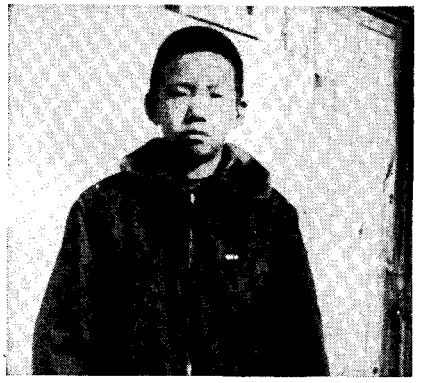

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don't want to, you embarrass me!" Sometimes the god desists and either sulks or rides another horse, but usually he demands his privilege, enters the body, and leaves the communicant exhausted after a spell of activity in which the horse speaks with the voice of the god and performs his characteristic acts.

A Haitian psychiatrist, Dr. Louis Mars, has argued that this religion provides a kind of national health, since it permits neurotic desires to be relieved by living out fantastical impulse. The effeminate man can be possessed by a female *loa* and behave like an imperious or amorous woman, and then return consoled to his everyday duties as a man; the braggart can become a favorite horse of Ogoun Feraille, the noisy god of war. When hysteria is rewarded and not guiltily repressed, and in fact is given some aesthetic shape, it ceases to be hysteria.

In addition, Voodoo music, singing, dancing, and drumming, the making of ritual flour drawings, and the drama aroused by frequent confrontation with immensely willful powers provide a natural social expression of artistic talent. The powerful man can become a priest, and carve out his little domain for invention; the ambitious woman can become a mambo. Sin and virtue play directly upon the Haitian's body. The gods punish the guilty—Ogoun Feraille caused a terrible swelling in the jaw of my houseboy; penicillin did not cure it, a dentist found no abscess, but it disappeared when he paid an overdue visit to his mother. (He became the god's unwilling horse, and I heard Ogoun Feraille's voice in his own abashed body lecturing him on the duty owed a mother.) The gods, as always, are somewhat slower to reward the virtuous.

In Haiti, Voodoo and Roman Catholicism have been locked in close battle for two hundred years. Catholicism is the official religion of a state whose presidents have sometimes been secret practitioners of Voodoo. People on the street debate the degree of legitimacy provided children through a marriage sanctioned by the Church as against that by a Voodoo *houngan*. The habit of the elite class has been to deny the existence of Voodoo; when the drums begin to sound in the hills surrounding Port-au-Prince, they refer to "quaint country dances." The Church has vacillated between silent ignoring of Voodoo, ferocious repression, and occasionally—the historic method of missionaries in pre-medieval Europe—assimilation of the pagan gods as devils, haunts, bogymen. So far, the syncretic attack has produced a few good Catholics among the elite and a great deal of semi-derisive use of Christian myth and material by the practical Haitian peasant. A typically temporizing Creole proverb declares: "Jesus is good and Damballah is powerful." One of the striking sights of a Sunday morning in Port-au-Prince is that of the crowd, in white suits or robes prescribed for a solemn Voodoo ceremony, streaming down from the hills in time for Mass.

Voodoo is a subtle influence in the present revolutionary troubles wracking Haiti. An insight into President François Duvalier's quarrel with the Church may be obtained by Dr. Métraux's expression of thanks to his former country doctor for his "ethnological" help. The younger Haitian poets, looking to be more than imitators of the French, have taken to exploring the realities of Haitian life in the Creole language—and this means taking seriously the religion of the great mass of the people. One expression of this movement is the poet Félix Morisseau-Leroy's Creole adaptation of *Antigone,* in which Creon becomes a repressive rural policeman and Tiresias a Voodoo priest.

Dr. Metraux has written a remarkable book, detailed, illustrated, and thoroughly documented, and infused with a special sympathy for the Haitian people.

Behind the Lines

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

Triumph in the West, by Arthur Bryant. *Doubleday. $6.95.*

This book is the second half of Sir Arthur Bryant's attempt to portray the course of the Second World War as seen through the eyes of Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, who was Chief of the Imperial General Staff (that is, the British Army) and chairman of the British Joint Chiefs throughout most of its course. Like its predecessor, *The Turn of the Tide,* it is based on the private diary Alanbrooke kept throughout the war, and on the autobiographical notes with which he later supplemented it. Also like its predecessor, it is a remarkably unsuccessful method of handling contemporary history, and in the end enhances the reputation neither of the chronicler nor of the diarist.

The Turn of the Tide was justifiably criticized for the way in which Bryant, the professional historian, had made use of Alanbrooke's diaries—the jottings of a tired man written late at night in the form of letters to his wife—to rub salt in the wounds of the great Anglo-American disagreements or to picture Churchill trying to enforce impossible strategies upon his Chiefs of Staff. Conscious, presumably, of this criticism, Bryant has been more judicious in his choice of material in the second volume, and has let Alanbrooke's notes and diary entries bear a larger burden of the narrative. Though the end product is still an unsatisfactory contribution to historical truth, it is in many ways more valuable.

The book opens in November, 1943, after Anglo-American joint planning had been in operation for nearly two years, and one interesting aspect of the narrative is the steady alteration in the balance of British and American influence upon each other's policies as the balance of their mobilized strength began to alter. "When I look at the Mediterranean," Alanbrooke notes on November 1, 1943, after the Quebec Conference, "I realize only too well how far I have failed. If only I had had sufficient force of character to swing those American Chiefs of Staff and make them see

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daylight, how different the war might be. We should have had the whole Balkans ablaze by now, and the war might have been finished in 1943. I blame myself, yet doubt whether it was humanly possible to alter the American point of view more than I succeeded in doing."

After that fall season, the American concept of how to win the war in Europe began steadily to predominate over the British. The first half of the book is, in fact, a record of Alanbrooke's dogged rearguard action for a more vigorous Mediterranean strategy, which might at best mean the breakthrough to Vienna and at worst pin down Hitler's finest troops in Italy. But on August 2, 1944, Alanbrooke acknowledges defeat. "The Americans now feel they possess the major forces at sea, on land and in the air, in addition to all the vast financial and industrial advantages they have had from the start. They look upon themselves no longer as apprentices in war but as full blown professionals. As a result, they are determined to have an ever increasing share in the running of the war in all its aspects."

THIS QUESTION of the Mediterranean aside, Alanbrooke was not the tired, crotchety figure with a deep suspicion of American motives that some writers have assumed him to be. If he does appear as such it is the fault of Bryant, who undoubtedly does slant his own narrative to show that the British were always right. Once the main lines of OVERLORD (the invasion of Normandy) had been settled, one of Alanbrooke's principal preoccupations was to prevent Montgomery from getting at loggerheads with both Eisenhower and Omar Bradley. In the several passages where he is critical of Eisenhower, it is in terms of an anxiety that was shared by as many American officers as British. "*March 6th* [1945]—Breakfast with Ike and another long talk with him. There is no doubt that he is a most attractive personality and, at the same time, a very very limited brain from a strategic point of view"—a judgment in which Alanbrooke is far from alone.

This overlong book does less than justice to Alanbrooke's own personality, makes too much of his quite limited stategic vision, adds little to our knowledge of the inner decisions of the war, and contributes only occasional insights into the characters of Churchill, Roosevelt, de Gaulle, and the others. The book's real contribution lies in the revelations it offers about the complete divorce in outlook between the British and the American armies—a divorce that existed not only at that date but until the development of NATO. The British Army and Royal Navy had for a century been virtually a combined arm, experienced in the use of sea power to support land power. Hence Alanbrooke's admiration for MacArthur, whose island-hopping technique represented the application of a strategic doctrine that the British have always admired, though they have been much less successful in its application over the centuries than most British historians care to admit.

American generals, by contrast, thought more in continental terms, in the sense that French and German generals always have. It is not surprising that the present generation of the U.S. Army, unlike the Navy, has had much closer contacts with French and German doctrine than with British. When Alanbrooke and Marshall, Eisenhower and Montgomery were at loggerheads, it was really a clash of two quite foreign systems of strategic thought and discipline. To American eyes, the British senior officers were slapdash and unscientific in their approach to strategic planning. To British eyes, the American senior officers were rigid and Germanic in their ideas. Once more we are reminded that Britain and the United States, over long periods of their history, have been "two countries divided by a common language."

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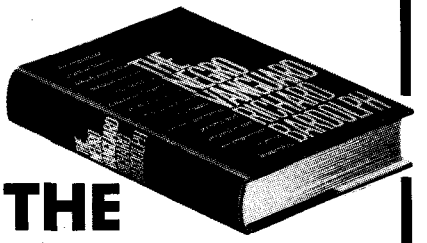

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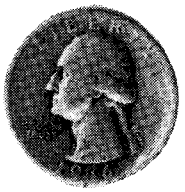

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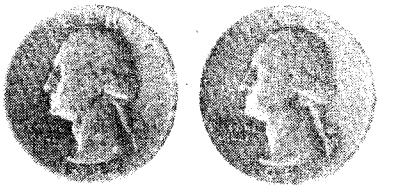

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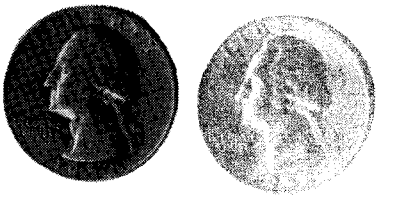

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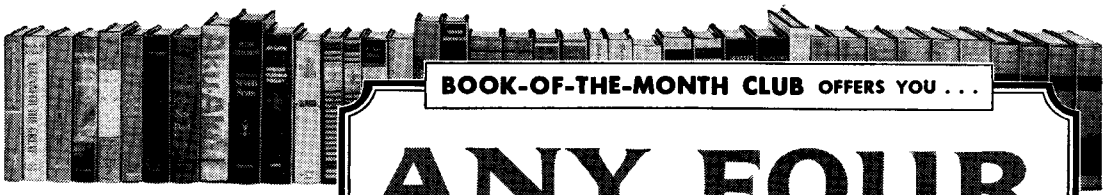

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